31

[2]

THE

Contented Cuckold:

altered,
or
[illegible]
[illegible]

OR THE

Womans Advocate:

A

COMEDY.

by Mr Reubin Bourne

[illegible] only wrote this play

This may be Printed.

April 28th,
1692.

Rob. Midgley.

First Edition.

LONDON;
Printed, and Sold by Randal Taylor, near Stationers-Hall,
A. D. 1692.

To his worthy Friends *John Huxly* of *Wyer-hall* in *Edmonſon*, in the County of *Middleſex*, Eſq. and *Richard Andrew* of the ſame, Gentleman.

Generous Gentlemen,

THIS Trifle which I am bold to prefix your Name to, like a well drawn Picture, looks alike on each of you, and challenges your Protection and Patronage, you being the ſole Promoters and Countenancers of its being what it is; your Commands, together with my want of Conſideration, made me undertake a Task which I am conſcious to my ſelf I am altogether unfit for. When I had plunged my ſelf into this Sea of Thought, I quickly found my Miſtake, and preſently became ſenſible of my Error, though too late to recall it, having given my Promiſe before for the performance of it. I have taken what care I could to walk by the Rules preſcribed me, as you will find by the peruſal of it. If there be any thing [illegible] *it can force a Smile or a kind Look from you, I have reach'd my end, and hope it may take off the edge of your Anger at the reſt of an ill writ Play, which wants both Language, Wit and Plot, (which Three if I miſtake not,) are the chief Ingredients that make up a Comedy, with which if it be fraught, Nonſenſe may ſometimes paſs unregarded. I expect not in this Critical and Cenſorious Age to fare better than the reſt and beſt of Poets, who for the moſt part are branded with the Name of Scribling*

Fops and Half-wits; and to ſay Truth, the World hath ſtill been at that paſs for ſome Ages paſt. Produce me but one Poet, either Ancient or Modern, that ever eſcaped the Laſh of Envious and Malicious Tongues,

——Et eris mihi Magnus Apollo;

yet I hope that good Nature and ſweet Diſpoſition, which you are in a large meaſure indowed withall, will paſs by ſmall Faults and accept the Will for the Deed, from him whoſe higheſt Ambition is, that without offence, he may ſubſcribe himſelf

Your Obliged

Humble Servant,

Reuben Bourne.

THE

PROLOGUE.

INdulgent Parents take what care they can
To breed their Son; but when he once writes Man,
He thinks himſelf too great to be adviſ'd,
And thoſe which took ſuch care, are then Deſpiſ'd:
He ſets up for himſelf, and learns the way
To Whore all Night, to Swear and Drink all Day.
The Spark being thus accompliſh'd, think's he's fit
At a New Play to be a Judge of Wit;
And takes his Place with as much Confidence,
As he that's Maſter of the greateſt Senſe;
Sets his Cravat, and then invokes the Powers,
And Swears all Vizard Maſks are Common Whores.
So Poets tickled with Applauſe, they are
Quite alter'd, and no more the Men they were:
They then grow Proud, and huff their Benefactors,
And Swear the fault's not in the Play, but Actors.
The Muſick that ſhall hardly ſcape his Curſe;
The Scenes and Habits he likes ten times worſe;
And all to make his Bawdy Play go down,
With the more civil Gentry of the Town.
A Smutty Tale will pleaſe the Common ſort,
His greateſt care is how to take the Court,
And get the name of Poet from ſome Lord,
None dare gainſay, but gladly take his Word.
Our Poet's none of theſe, all his Intent
Is among Neighbours to make Merriment;
Which if it take effect, he'th gain'd his ends;
If not, he hopes the Ladies are his Friends,
And back'd by them, he cares not who contends.
Our Poet to your Beauties doth ſubmit,
And Humbly offers both himſelf and it.

The

Hd. 223

The ACTORS NAMES.

SIR Peter Lovejoy,	*The Contented Cuckold.*
Lady Lovejoy,	*His Wife.*
Lettis,	*Her Maid.*
Mr. Friendly,	*Lady* Lovejoys *Uncle.*
Mr. Sparkish, *Mr.* Modish,	*Two Gentlemen of the times.*
Mr. Serious,	*An old Gouty Gentleman.*
Ralph,	*His Man.*
Tom,	*Man to Mr.* Sparkish.
Stephen,	*Man to Mr.* Modish.
Flavia *and* Julia,	*Sisters to Lady* Lovejoy.
A Hackny Coachman.	
A Drawer.	
And a Foot-Boy.	

THE

181933

By [illegible] — THE — [illegible]

Contented Cuckold;

OR THE

Womans Advocate.

ACT I.

Mr. Serious *on his Couch,* Ralph *ſtanding by him.*

Mr. Serious. RAlph,

Ralph. Sir.

Mr. Serious. How goes the day?

Ralph. The glorious Sun is poſting forward to the hour of Nine.

Mr. Serious. Impertinent Coxcomb, that thinkſt to dreſs thy Speech with flouriſhes, and ſet thy ſelf in more eſteem with Men by Rhetorick, tell me directly how the day goes forward, without the leaſt Addition?

Ralph. Without Addition, then 'tis near on Nine; the laſt that ſtruck was Eight.

Mr. Serious. I think at Ten, Sir *Peter Lovejoy* ſaid he would be here.

Ralph. He did ſo, Sir.

Mr. Serious. Time runs away; 'tis 20 year ſince firſt I knew the Man, the moſt contented Cuckold in the World, yet thinks himſelf a Wit, and will no more believe his Wife diſhoneſt, than I the

B [illegible]

R

Alwayes to be a Truth; ſuch Fools there are in Nature: But were Lhe, I would find her haunts, and break them. But ſpeak to him, and 'tis to no more purpoſe than graſping the Air. But hark, I hear him coming.

Enter Sir Peter Lovejoy.

Sir *Peter.* Good morrow Sir, I ſee your old Diſtemper will be your Gueſt, tho uninvited, and keep you Chamber-priſoner.

Mr. *Serious.* I ſee Sir *Peter* you ſtill keep your humour, look Fat and Fair; I hope your Lady's well.

S. *Peter.* She is; Let them look ſad that are always out of Humour, thoſe Jealous-pated Fools, who dare not truſt their Wives beyond their ſight, but ſit diſeaſe, ſigh, and make complaint, and either Rail at Fortune, or the Prieſt that joyned their Wives and them; whilſt I, like Birds at liberty, ſit Chirping, and ſpend my hours with Mirth.

Mr. *Serious.* You are happy Sir, that can ſet light by grief; but let me tell you Sir, I have known as wiſe a Man as you deceived.

Sir *Peter.* Away thou Fool, go Preach your Fit ſtuf to thoſe Jealous-Coxcombs will give you the hearing of it: ſo good morrow.

Mr. *Serious.* Farewel thou ſenſleſs Sot; and now 'tis time for me to uſe my Legs, and move to ſome cloſe Corner of my Houſe, and lay my Plot to compaſs *Lovejoy's* Siſter; for Gouty as I now pretend my ſelf, my inclination is ſtill that way given, and this my borrowed ſhape to reach my End. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Lovejoy, Flavia, Julia *and* Lettice.

Lady Lovejoy. Methinks the hours move ſlowly forward; for I have reſted badly, and in that ſeeming Reſt I have enjoyed, have been diſturbed with Fears and diſmal Viſions, ſuch as diſturb the Mind, and fill the Heart with Grief.

Julia. Good Siſter, talk no more of Dreams and Fancies, which ſerve for nothing but to ſpoil good Company. Let's contrive how to enjoy our ſelves in the Afternoon, and ſpend the day with mirth.

Lady Lovejoy. Fie ſiſter, 'tis not generous thus to triumph over my misfortunes. I have known the time when I could have been Jovial, and danc'd all Night without the leaſt regret.

Flavia. Siſter, I am of your mind, that there's more ſatisfaction in an hours privacy, than in the enjoyment of all worldly pleaſure a longer ſpace of time.

Julia. I ſtill would have all parties pleaſed; you ſhall have my Conſent to be Cloiſter'd up in ſome cloſe Nunnery; and *Lettice*, if ſhe likes your Choice, to wait on you.

Lettice. I like her Choice! No, I would rather chooſe to ſhew the Tombs in *London* Streets, or in *Bridewell* beat Hemp, than loſe the ſatisfaction I conceive there's in a married *Life*.

Lady *Lovejoy.* Sure you never in me perceive ſuch Joy, or ſuch ſatisfaction as you ſpeak of.

Lettice. If e're I marry, all I wiſh is this, may I meet with juſt ſuch another as my Maſter, who tho I Cuckold him times without number, may ſtill believe me honeſt.

L. Lovejoy. Sir *Peter* hath no other Cauſe I am ſure; but what occaſion you may give your Husband, I am not fit to Judg.

Julia. Faith Siſter, I believe you ow'e the ſooner for this fair Character you give your ſelf; for I have known thoſe that have made a large *Oſtentation* of Modeſty, their Hearts have lean'd the quite contrary way.

L. Lovejoy. Fie ſiſter, how you talk; but you will have your way, there's no oppoſing you, tho what you ſay is altogether falſe.

Julia. Then without Raillery, I yeſterday received this Letter from one who ſpeaks very fair, and Lards his diſcourſe with Scripture-phraſes: There you may ſee the Cheat then; vindicate him if you can, from the deſerved name of Hypocrite, which juſtly he falls under; and I wiſh ſuch Godly perſons as they call themſelves, may meet no better Fate than he is like to do, or elſe I miſs my Aim.

L. Lovejoy. Sure it cannot be, that Men ſhould try their Wits to Cheat the World in matters of *Religion* too: 'Tis falſe; I know it muſt be ſo.

Julia. If you dare truſt your Eyes, the thing is plain to every perſon unconcerned, that will Conſult their Reaſon; but if you ſtill continue obſtinate, there's no reclaiming of you.

L. *Lovejoy.* Pray read this Libel againſt this Holy Man; lets hear his Crimes.

Julia. Not I, but you may if you pleaſe; here, take the Letter. [*Gives the Letter.*

L. *Lovejoy* reads. *Madam,*

The Gouty as I now pretend my ſelf, if you pleaſe to appoint your place and time, you ſhall find me as briſk and lively as your Modiſh Gallant. Pray favour me with a Line from your fair hands, for I long to be employed by your Commands.

Your Humble Servant

Serious.

Julia. What think you of this Diſſembling Wretch?

L. *Lovejoy.* Ah Siſter! You are unacquainted with the World: The Envious ſtill are Vertues Enemies, while Vice is let alone and unregarded.

Julia. I bluſh to ſee you thus unreaſonable; but if you pleaſe to be where I'le appoint you, I'le make you an Ear-witneſs of this Truth to which you will give no Credit: If this won't make you hate ſuch Hypocrites, I'le leave you as I found you, wedded to your own Will and blind Opinion, and take the ſweetneſs of this Evenings Air. But if you'll comply with what I propoſe, and ſend a Summons for him, if he diſobeys I'le bare the blame, and own I have wronged the Gentleman.

L. *Lovejoy.* Pray try your Skill; I am very willing to be undeceived, and not ſo obſtinate as you would make me.

Julia. Now I like you; at Seven a Clock this Night be in your Cloſet joyning to the Parlour, whither I'le bring him at the time appointed, where you ſhall hear our whole Diſcourſe at large, and I'le leave you to be Judg who's in the Right. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Flavia. Siſter, there muſt be ſomething in this buſineſs worth the hearing: Pray let me be in the Cloſet with you, 'twill add much to my ſatiſfaction.

L. Lovejoy. You ſhall *Lattice* : Pray convey my Siſter to me at the time appointed. [*Exeunt ambo.*

Lattice. I ſhall. In the mean time my Prayers and Wiſhes are, that this diſſembling doting Letcher may be unmasked, and ſhewn in his proper Colours ; for I love miſchief, eſpecially to thoſe I know are impotent, and will pretend to what they cannot perform. Were he in Youth and Vigour, 't may be I might help him in his buſineſs, and get a ſmall reward or two for my pains ; 'tis part of my Employment to help a Generous perſon in diſtreſs, and by that means perhaps oblige both perſons, and ſo be feed on both ſides. It ſometimes happens ſo : But I am ſure for him ſhe hath no kindneſs, nor have I any the leaſt Reſpect : But I muſt in and ſee how matters go, and wait till Night to know the upſhot of it.

Enter Friendly *and* Serious, *with Ralph.*

Serious. Dear Sir, I always took you for my Friend, and therefore always made you of my Counſel.

Friendly. And ſtill you found me juſt to what I promiſed, and ever will be ſo.

Serious. That good Opinion I have always had of you, and ſtill retain, hath made me venture to diſcover to you a matter of Importance. This Paper will inform you more at large ; and I would beg your Judgment.

Friendly Reads. *Sir, I received yours, and deſire you will not fail to come to me at ſeven a Clock this Evening to my Brothers, where I have taken care for your Reception.* Julia.

Sir, You are a happy Man : I never heard her talk of for a Gallant ; but I'le aſſiſt you what I may, for I am paſt thoſe things, and may be truſted : And truly I had thought, time had made alterations in your perſon, to have made you paſt Intrigues ; but what would you have me do in this buſineſs?

Serious. Only keep Counſel, and when you find an Opportunity, give her a Character of me as beſt will ſuit her temper : You know how, better than I can tell you. So Farewell. [*Exit.*

Friendly. Ralph, Ralph.

Ralph. Sir.

Friendly. Who brought this Letter to your Maſter?

Ralph. A Lady Sir, I ſuppoſe ſome Attendant; and ſaid there needed nothing of an Anſwer. [*Exit.*

Friendly. 'Tis well: I wonder much, that this Girl that is under 20, ſhould dote on 72, for that I am ſure he is: There muſt be more in it than he ſuſpects, or I am yet aware of; but be it what it will I need not care, nor do I. To morrow I ſhall hear how matters go; in the mean time I'le find a Friend and take a Chirping Cup, and that I think is far beyond Intriegues and Night-Adventures.

Enter Ralph *and* Serious.

Serious. If any body comes to ask for me, tell them it will be late e're I return.

Ralph. I will Sir. A proſperous Journey to him, he hath ſomething in his Head more than ordinary; I wiſh him good ſucceſs, or I ſhall have a ſcurvy living on't.

Enter Julia *and* Lettice.

Julia. Now we are alone, prithee *Lettice* lets contrive a way to puniſh this Old Fornicator: After we have made him appear to be what he is, and ſatisfied my Siſter in him, lets ſatisfie our ſelves, and have ſome paſtime: Thou haſt been good at it in thy time; lets lay our Heads together.

Lettice. With all my heart; lets in and think upon it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Peter Lovejoy *and Lady.*

S. *Peter.* I have appointed a Meeting this Evening with 3 or honeſt Fellows, ſuch as my ſelf; we'll make the ſkies look blew, and every Man ſhall bear a Bob I'faith.

Lady. Pray don't tarry late, 'twill prejudice your Health; beſides, I love your Company.

S. Peter. I'le make what haſte I can; in the mean time ſecure your ſelf from harm; I'le drink thy Health. [*Exit.*

Lady. Adiana. Now if I had the Company of Mr. *Modiſh* in his room an hour or two, I could diſpence with it: But *Rome* was not built in a day, nor they ſay wont be deſtroyed in a year. I may ſo carry the matter, that he and I may be better acquainted: In the mean time I live in Hopes of what may be hereafter. [*Exit.*

Enter Flavia.

Flavia. The time draws near; I long to be confined; I think for my part, we are always a Longing: *Before* Marriage we Long to be married; after Marriage we are, they ſay, in a Longing Condition; but if I were married, I would be ſure to long for ſomething that were good. I Long too methinks, to be making the Experiment; and for all my Diſſembling, do what I can, my Inclination lies toward a Man.

Enter Julia *and* Lettice.

Julia. Do you think this Plot will take? I fear he will ne're be brought to undertake this piece of Service.

Lettice. Then let him go like an old doting Fool as he is; but I'le warrant you rather than loſe the deſign he propoſes to himſelf, he'll perform any thing you enjoyn him without the leaſt regret.

Julia. I wiſh it prove ſo: Methinks I would not loſe my expectation, for more than I will ſpeak of.

Lettice. Never fear't Madam: But if the worſt come to the worſt, you will be rid of a troubleſome Cuſtomer; for if he refuſe your firſt Command, he can't in Reaſon expect after that to be entertained with any Reſpect or ſhew of Kindneſs.

Julia. I can't but think how like a Fool he'll look when he is Blindfold, and his Hands tyed behind him.

Lettice. Then he looks as he is; for who but a Fool could think that a Lady of your years ſhould have any kindneſs for a Man of his? There muſt needs be a great agreeableneſs between 15 and 73. Hark, my Lady calls, I muſt away. [*Exit.*

Enter

Julia. If it were not for this Wench, I know not what I ſhould have done. [illegible] I humour him, and make him abundance of fair promiſes, which I never intend to perform, to bring this buſineſs to paſs. This is a new Stratagem to get rid of a troubleſome Gallant. [*Exit*.

Enter Sir Peter Lovejoy *and* Mr. Friendly.

S. Peter. Uncle *Friendly*, I am joy'd to ſee you: You are ſo taken up of late, a Man knows not where to find you.

Mr. *Friendly.* I am no Man of buſineſs you know; but in the Evening, I am for a Glaſs of the beſt Wine I can get; but in ſeal'd Quarts, that I may not be cheated of my Meaſure. We were at *Tom's* laſt Night, Quart after Quart, I'faith, the Kings, Queens, and all the Royal Family.

S. Peter. Look ye Uncle, as Cunning as you take your ſelf to be, to my certain knowledge your Cunning hath fail'd you; for *Tom* hath never a ſeal'd Quart in his Houſe, nor hath not had this ſeven years: Beſides, there's difference in the Wine. We were got in the Garden to the Seal'd Bottles, rare Wine i'faith; We bump't it away with a Huzzah; did you not hear us Uncle?

Mr. *Friendly.* Hear you! We took you to be all Mad; I am for quietneſs and privacy, tho in a Publick Houſe, as you call it.

S. Peter. Well Uncle, if you will Dine with me, well and good; in the Afternoon I am engaged: Upon my Honour I muſt at it again; good Wine you know, never hurts a Man, but makes him Briſk and Airy, Creates an Appetite. I am ſo hungry now, I know not which way to turn my ſelf; we'll in and call for Dinner. [*Exit*.

Enter Lady Lovejoy *and* Flavia.

L. Lovejoy. Siſter, methinks now we are retired and quiet, we have ſome enjoyment of our ſelves, and live like Christians: My Siſter *Julia*'s of another Humour, let her take her Fancy which way it lies; in the end ſhe will repent it, and wiſh ſhe had taken my advice.

Flavi

Flavia. Truly, I think there is no ſuch Trouble as the World ſtiles Grandure; the Noiſe and Buſtle there is abroad, beſides Expence of time, the daily Viſits that are created by it, that one can ne're be private, nor retired, without being accounted Rude, or at beſt unmannerly, while we eſcape their Cenſure, and the Charge of giving Entertainments.

L. Lovejoy. You are in the right, I am glad to ſee that there are yet ſome left that hold of my Opinion, and are not glu'd nor wedded to the Trifles this World affords, which are at beſt but Tranſitory, and give no Satisfaction nor Content; methinks I am weary with the very thoughts on't; but I'le retire, and eaſe me on my Couch. [*Exit.*

Flavia. If I am deceived, ſo be it; but I believe ſhe is a great diſſembler; one Reaſon is, 'cauſe I am ſo my ſelf, and would be private in my undertaking, for fear of being balkt in my deſigns; but were I ſure not to be denied, I would quickly change my Note, and try Concluſions; but as it is, I muſt keep on the Mask till a fit opportunity. [*Exit.*

Enter Julia *and* Lettice.

Lettice. Madam, How like you now your Siſters Humour? you have her free Confeſſion, tho in private, and I dare pawn my Life the other's of her Mind, if we knew all.

Julia. How luckily we came to hear them? I'm glad to find *Flavia* is not really what ſhe ſeems to be in Publick; but, how ſhe carries it to Cheat my Siſter *Lovejoy*! *Lettice*, Are all our things in readineſs for our deſign?

Lettice. Leave all to me, you ſhall have nothing wanting that is requiſite; in the mean time, do you prepare your ſelf to fit him with Diſcourſe.

Julia. I will; but let me dye if I know how to manage my Countenance: The very thoughts of my Project will betray my Deſign. [*Exit.*

Lettice. How many Fears ſhe's in! firſt ſhe fears the Project won't take; the next fear is, the diſcovering of it: Had I ſuch a buſineſs of my own in hand, I would try him every way, tho he

Mean the Man I lov'd above all others: *Firſt* I would try his Wit, next his Conſtancy, next his Courage, then, Then ––– what was I going to ſay? But 'tis no matter.

I would know all his Humours e're I'de marry:
And like a *Spaniel*, make him Fetch and Carry.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II.

Enter Julia *and* Lettice.

Julia. I Think the time's expired, 'tis 7 a Clock; he won't be long before he is here: Some body knocks, 'tis he ſure. Now to diſſemble well, and Cheat this Fool, and make him think I love him.

Enter Mr. Serious.

Serious. Madam, This is a happineſs beyond belief, to enjoy your Company, and in private too; I hope we may be ſo.

Julia. Yes Sir: *Lettice* withdraw, and leave us.

Lettice. Yes Madam. But I think my Soul, I ſhall have the pleaſure of hearing all in private. *Aſide.*

Julia. Sir, I ſuppoſe you had the Note I ſent you, by your coming ſo exactly.

Mr. Serious. I hope you take me to be a perſon of better Breeding and Courage, than to be tardy in ſuch weighty Matters.

Julia. I take you to be a perſon of Diſcretion, fit to be truſted with a Ladies Honour. Such Godly men as you are ne'er ſuſpected.

Mr. Serious. If my borrow'd Shape offends you, I'le throw this by, and ſhew you what in Truth I am, and always have been; my firſt and whole deſire is, your fair beauty; which gain'd, I am no more the Man I ſeem, than is your Siſter *Lovejoy* what ſhe ſeems.

Julia. Is he too one of the Diſſembling ſort, that Cheats the World in Zeal?

Mr. Serious. No better, nor the worſe; but to our buſineſs in hand, the thing we meet for.

Julia. Soft and fair goes far: I have ſeveral Articles muſt be agreed to before I yield the Fort, ſo long maintained againſt home-bred Enemies, and Forreign Foes.

Mr. Serious. Before they are named I agree to them, let them be what they will.

Julia. This general Conſent won't do with me: Beſides, I have an odd Humour muſt be ſatisfied. I have made a Reſolution never to yield to any Man, without he Conſents to be Blind-folded, and his Hands tied behind him; ſo to walk from my Houſe to his, let it be where it will: Now this muſt be performed before we proceed any farther.

Mr. Serious. A pretty Frolick: This perform'd, you ſay, you and I may come to a right underſtanding.

Julia. Yes, when we meet again, no queſtion, to your Satisfaction: Do you agree to this?

Mr. Serious. 'Tis ſomething hard; but rather than loſe your Favour, I'le conſent to any thing in Reaſon: Who muſt Blind me?

Julia. Take no thought for that, I'le ſee it done.

Mr. Serious. Well, I commit my ſelf into your hands, uſe me as you think good: They ſay, Lovers are Blind, and I can be no more when this is done; but I fear after all, I ſhall be at a loſs to find my way home.

Julia. Come Sir, let's in and ſet the project on foot: I long to ſee you begin your Journey. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Friendly and Sparkiſh.

Sparkiſh. Mr. *Friendly*, my old Acquaintance, moſt happily encounter'd, methinks 'tis an Age ſince laſt I ſaw you.

Friendly. Your Servant Sir, I retain my old Humour ſtill, never trouble my ſelf with State-Affairs, nor buſineſs above my Apprehenſion: I warrant you you ſhall never find me in a Plot, either againſt King or Government; nor my Name in Print, to ſhew my

C 2

Wit and Parts, and undergo the Cenſure of the World; all my Aim is to ſerve my Friend, provided it be not to my own prejudice; and to know where I may be furniſh'd with a Glaſs of rare Claret in the Evening; with this I reſt contented.

Sparkiſh. I like your Humour well: I was yeſterday at the piercing of a Hogſhead of ſuch Wine as you ſpeak of; if you pleaſe, I have a Bottle of it at your Service.

Friendly. With all my heart; I am for a Whet, as you call it, before Dinner: Lead on Sir, I'le bear you Company, provided you don't move too faſt for me.

Sparkiſh. Come on Sir.

Thus various ways the differing World do move;
But without Wine, there's neither Life nor Love.

Enter Mr. Serious *Blindfold, his Hands tied behind him,* Lady Lovejoy, Julia, Flavia, *and* Lettice, *Laughing.*

Mr. Serious. I am glad Ladies I can contribute any thing to your Mirth; but 'tis not fair to inſult over a Man in his Misfortunes.

Lady *Lovejoy.* The truth of it is, I ſhould not have done it, but you began firſt with me, like an untoward Man as you are; *ſo* what I do is out of Revenge.

Julia. What I do is out of Love, I ſuppoſe the Gentleman is ſatisfied in that.

Lettice. I did nothing, but what you all Commanded, and he deſired; but let me dye, now 'tis done, if I can forbear Laughing, I beg the Gentleman's Excuſe.

Flavia. Faith, I pity the poor Gentleman; but this is the Fate of Lovers, they muſt undergo whatever is enjoyned them.

Julia. Well Mr. *Serious*, 'tis well 'tis no worſe; whatever the Service be, you know the Reward is ſweet, and will anſwer your Expectation: In the mean time, you ſhall have my good wiſhes for your ſafe Deliverance; elſe, for ought I know, I may be brought in as Contriver of his Murder. Let him have a good beginning, whatever the end be; prithee Lettice ſing him a Song, before he ſets onward of his Journy.

Lettice. I'le do my endeavour to pleaſe you all if poſſible, but you know I could never ſing well: *beſides,* I have nothing new to ſing; mine are all old.

Lettice Sings.

TEll me what a thing is Love,
O ye Gods that live above?
You its matchleſs pleaſures rove,
And all its ſweet Joys do prove:
Whilſt we poor Mortals here below,
Scarce a part of it do know,
But lingering a Life in pain,
And nought but ſcornful Love we gain
Why was Man cut out by Fate,
Capable of better State?
And why was Woman made his Mate
To help him, yet his Toils create?
If we were made the Lords of all,
Muſt we to our Underlings fall?
And Cringe to that which is our own,
By right of our Creation?

Mr. *Serious.* Your Servant Ladies: This is ſome refreſhment in the midſt of all my Misfortunes. Now for my Journey.

Julia. Ha, ha, ha, look *Lettice,* the Gentleman hath left his Dog-trot, and hath found out a new way of Ambling.

Lettice. He walks in State; now he may Cock his Bever, and take the Wall of a Dog.

Lady *Lovejoy.* This is excellent ſport; let's in and have our Laugh out. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Sparkiſh *and* Modiſh.

Sparkiſh. I wonder *Modiſh* what makes you ſo Melancholy of late, thou uſeſt to be of another temper.

Modiſh. I rather wonder what makes you ſo Merry, I ſee no cauſe for it.

Sparkiſh. Prithee, what ſhould make me otherwiſe; I have good

Cloaths on my Back, good Victuals in my Belly, and good Money, that Governs the World, in my Pockets: I stand upon [illegible] nothing this World affords; And I know no reason that Noble Creature Man, the Lord of the Creation, should deny himself any thing: I have known you of this Opinion formerly, what e're 's the matter with you now.

Modiſh. I have conſider'd of it, and can find no reaſon, why any Man ſhould, *Narciſſus* like, be in love with his own Image, but am rather of my Lord *Rocheſter's* Opinion, that a Man had better be a Bear, a Lion, or a Monky, than what he is; for the Devil, the World, or the Fleſh, are always laying ſnares to him; and if he hearkens to their Temptations, they generally Reward him, the Devil with ſhame, a Woman with ſcorn, and the World with gaudy Trifles, and guilded Nothings, and it may be at laſt with a Halter: Therefore I wonder much, that any Man of Reaſon will either follow, or be led by them.

Sparkiſh. By Heavens, I think thou art beſide thy ſelf, to argue at this rate; it makes me mad to hear thee.

Modiſh. You may when you pleaſe go out of the hearing of it; the Door's open; you can find the way out ſure, as well as you found the way in; you need no guide.

Sparkiſh. Sure thou art not in Earneſt; this is but a Copy of your Countenance.

Modiſh. Prithee trouble me with no more of your impertinent Diſcourſe, you hinder me from my Contemplations; which are more to me than all the World beſide.

Sparkiſh. Rather than hinder you, I'le take my leave, and expect the News will be, Thou haſt hang'd thy ſelf, or elſe thou art put in *Bedlam*; ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

Enter Stephen.

Stephen. Sir, There's a Lady below deſires to ſpeak with you.

Modiſh. Another Devil to torment me in the ſhape of an *Angel* of Light; Go call her up.

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Good morrow ſir, I hope you will pardon my *boldneſs*, for giving you this early *Viſit*, when you underſtand the *Cauſe* of it.

Modiſh. Such Divine Forms as yours, are never employ'd but by the Powers above, with Joyful News to drooping Mortals, oppreſs'd with the weight of *Grief* and *Wo* beyond their ſtrength; ſuch Wretches as I am.

Lettice. I poſitively hope I bring my aid to your Relief, and give you Satisfaction and Content: I hope it will.

Modiſh. Pray let me hear this heavenly News you bring, and keep me not in doubt 'twixt hope and fear, like Men in Fevers, ſometimes intermitting, and then again the ſcorching Fit returns, and defeats their hopes.

Lettice. Firſt, You muſt be oblig'd to ſecreſie, becauſe a Ladies Honour is concern'd; none of the meaner ſort for Beauty, nor for Breeding: But one that may Challenge Honour and Reſpect, from Men of the beſt Rank.

Modiſh. I Vow and Swear, I'le bind my ſelf to ſecreſie by all you can invent.

Lettice. Hold ſir, your word's enough, for Perſons of your generous Diſpoſition ne'er break their promiſe. To keep you then no longer in the Dark; 'tis Madam *Julia*, Lady *Lovejoy's* Siſter.

Modiſh. The only Woman in the World I would have wiſh'd: Your words Revive my drooping Spirits, and add new Life, like Oyl to Lamps expiring. I from this hour may date my Happineſs, and my new Life is wholly at your Service, to be employed as you direct and order; for without you, I ſtill am at a loſs, like Ships in Storms, without a skilful Pilot to guide them ſafe to Harbour.

Lettice. If I muſt manage this deſign, I would have you firſt acquainted with her Brother Sir *Peter Lovejoy*; for you muſt know, my Lady *Lovejoy* hath a kindneſs for you; ſo that you muſt pretend your Love to her, and under that diſguiſe may reach your End.

Modiſh. I know Sir *Peter's* Humour, he ſtill believes all Women honeſt; and therefore there is no fear of his ſuſpicion: but how will Madam *Julia* like this Plot, that I ſhould Court her Siſter to Debauch her?

Lettice. Leave that to me to manage; you ſee I am free with you Sir: All this I do the Lady is ignorant of; but I have heard her ſpeak of you with more than ordinary Reſpect and Kindneſs; but you muſt try your Skill to gain her Favour.

Modiſh. Elſe I deſerve the worſt of Characters; that have the Wealth of both the *Indies* offer'd me, that Glorious Creature, more than all the World, ſhould I ſtop at any thing to gain her Favour.

Enter Stephen.

Stephen. Sir *Peter Lovejoy* Sir, deſires to ſee you.

Modiſh. I'le wait on him; up Madam, be pleaſed to ſtep into this Cloſet, there you may over-hear us; and when he is gone, reſolve what Courſe to take.

Enter Sir Peter Lovejoy.

Sir *Peter.* How is't Man? I was laſt Night in Company, where I heard thou wer't in a Melancholy Mode: What's the matter Man! Thou uſedſt to be Briſk and Airy with thy Jokes and Fancies, that a Man had as good be hang'd as come near thee.

Modiſh. I am glad to ſee you hold your old Humour ſtill; one thing or other is always predominant in us, ſometimes Melancholy, ſometimes Mirth, ſometimes Love; theſe take their places by turns, and ſupply us with matter in our vacant hours to work upon, and produce different effects, according to the temper of the Perſon they have to do withall.

Sir *Peter.* Thou ſay'ſt right; we are all our own Carvers in theſe Caſes; but I never trouble my ſelf about theſe matters: If Mirth, I cheriſh it, if Melancholy, I preſently fly to my old Remedy Wine, and hear no more of it.

Modiſh. You are a happy Man Sir, that can divert your ſerious thoughts ſo eaſily; I think I muſt try your Phyſick, before I ſhall be perfectly Cured; I'le Viſit you Sir, and drink a Bottle with you.

Sir *Peter*. With all my Heart i'faith, thou ſhalt be as welcome as any Man I know, prithee come this Afternoon; there will be a Knot of Honeſt Fellows; 'tis an appointed Match to try our Strength.

Modiſh. 'Tis ten to one but I wait on you, but you muſt give grains of Allowance to Men not well in Health.

Sir *Peter*. Ay, Ay, man, let not that hinder thee from coming; ſit near me, I'le favour thee.

Modiſh. Enough Sir, I'le wait on you.

Sir *Peter*. Give me thy Hand upon the ſame: We ſhall be very merry; the Ladies will be glad to ſee thee too.

Modiſh. You may truſt me with them for any trouble I ſhall put them too.

Sir *Peter*. *Hey day*, I think thy Sickneſs has made thee loſe thy memory; doſt not know I vindicate the Reputation of all the Women in the World? There is no ſuch thing in Nature as a Cuckold; whatever Women are before, after Marriage to be ſure, they are honeſt, it can't be otherwiſe.

Modiſh. You have read much, and I'le not diſpute it with you.

Sir *Peter*. Nay, 'tis your beſt way to lay down the Cudgels, for I ſhould have been too hard for you: Good morrow Sir, I ſhall expect you.

Modiſh. Your Servant Sir.

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Was ever ſuch a confeſſed Coxcomb ſeen? But it makes for our Deſign.

Modiſh. This Viſit fell pat for our buſineſs; here's our Admittance gain'd already.

Lettice. Pray make good uſe of it; when Fortune favours us, 'tis dangerous ſlighting of her.

Modiſh. When we have ſuch a good Opportunity put into our hand, if we don't make good uſe of it, we deſerve to be ſlighted by her another time.

Lettice. I am glad you are ſo ſenſible; but I muſt leave you now, I know you are a Gentleman of Worth and *Honour*: I need not mind you of any thing more than what I have ſaid already; your Servant Sir.

Modiſh. Stay thou bleſt Meſſenger of happy News, and take this ſmall Acknowledgment. [*Gives her Gold.*

Lettice. You load me with you kindneſs.

Modiſh. Deſert me if I once ungrateful prove,
I'le part with all I have for *Julia's Love.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

Enter Modiſh *ſolus.*

Modiſh. I Am now in hopes, that Fortune may be kind; fo ſure by this time ſhe hath ſpit her Venom: I have been her Sport this 3 months now, or more, perhaps the Tyde may turn, and I may become her Favorite, that have been her Scorn and Maygame; whilſt others leſs deſerving, are proſperous in al their Undertakings, and have what e're they wiſh.

Enter Mr. Serious.

Mr. *Serious.* How now Mr. *Modiſh*, what are you Railing a Fortune too? I thought all the World had been at Eaſe, and only I tormented.

Modiſh. What's the matter man, that makes Fortune and thee differ? Thou art paſt the thoughts of Women, and Gaming you never were addicted to.

Mr. *Serious.* Matter! There's matter enough to make a man mad, were he never ſo well in his Senſes; I warrant you I have broke my Shins in 40 places, or rather but in one; for from my

Knee to my Inſtep, 'tis all as Raw as a gall'd Horſe-back.

Modiſh. Prithee how man, by what misfortune?

Serious. Ay, there's the Devil on't, I muſt be making Experiments, whether a man might not walk blind-folded with his hands behind him, as well as he that hath his hands at liberty, and his Eyes to ſee his way.

Modiſh. Ha, ha, ha, who put thee upon this? Or was't thy own free Choice?

Serious. You had need ask that queſtion, whether it were my own Choice or no: You find many men in this Age willing to break their Necks, if they can find any way in the World to avoid it.

Modiſh. But how did I know what the Devil might tempt you to do!

Serious. No Sir, 'twas a Woman, and that's as bad I think, to undertake this piece of Gallantry; but 'tis very well I ſaved my Neck, my Shins may be Cured; but that had been an ugly Joynt to ſet again.

Modiſh. I am heartily ſorry for your misfortune; but theſe things are common with them that have to do with thoſe ſort of Cattle.

Serious. Common, quoth he; I don't believe the like was ever before heard of in a Civil Common-wealth: But 'twas my own fault, like a Fool as I was, to undertake it; and therefore I had as good hold my Tongue.

Modiſh. I am of your mind Sir, therefore lay theſe thoughts aſide, and go with me this Afternoon, where we'll be very merry.

Serious. You may be ſo, you have no cauſe to the contrary; but I have ſore enough at preſent to hinder my Mirth, which I muſt take care of, and get ſome Plaiſters for: This comes of it when men won't take warning, tho they have Examples in the like kind every day. [*Exit.*

Modiſh. By what I can gather from all People I converſe withall, a man in this Age had need be endued with a great deal of Conſtancy and Reſolution: I am perſuaded, the Ladies of our times take their meaſures from the French King, to rule by an Arbitrary Power, and keep their Subjects continually upon Duty, that they may be alway's fit for Service and ready upon all occaſions.

Enter Sparkiſh.

Sparkiſh. Modiſh! Give us thy hand. I come to congratulate thy ſafe Recovery: I hear thy Diſtemper hath left thee, and thou art in thy Right Wits again.

Modiſh. I know no body was ever out of their Wits, except your ſelf; there's a *ſort* of men in the World that think all men mad that are not of their Principle and Opinion; like Lunatick Men that call all the World their own, tho' they have never a Foot of Land in it.

Sparkiſh. I believe if thy Diſtemper were ever off, 'tis returning again; by this Diſcourſe one would gueſs ſo.

Modiſh. Thus formal Fops condemn all ſober Perſons, while Men of Senſe, ſtand gazing at ſuch Fools like Men on Comets. Tis ſtrange that the Maſter-piece of Nature ſhould ſo degenerate more than ſenſeleſs Animals: They keep their Order, and are are always moving in the Path-way Nature hath order'd for them, and obey all her Laws ſhe hath preſcrib'd them, with all the Willingneſs imaginable: But Man muſt, like a Clock, be always lookt to; or elſe like Horſes, headſtrong and unruly, be curb'd to keep them under; the motion of his Will being averſe to what he was deſign'd for.

Sparkiſh. A very learned Speech; this is only to ſhew thou haſt been at the Univerſity. If I ſhould ſtay long, thou would'ſt craze thy ſelf with endeavouring to perſwade me out of my Reaſon. [*Exit.*

Modiſh. I am ſo far from that, I believe he hath none in him: But thoſe that have leaſt, are generally moſt conceited of their own Parts, and are beyond reclaiming ſo irrecoverably blinded with ſelf-conceit, that they think they are arrived to a perfection in Knowledg above the common ſort of Men; and therefore look down as it were on others with Contempt and Scorn, whilſt he that is truly knowing is ſtill deſirous to be thought leſs than what indeed he is, and modeſtly refuſes the Praiſes when given him; tho it be no more than he might juſtly claim, and doth of right belong to him;

while the other ſort miſtake a Shadow for the real Subſtance, and prize falſe Coin as much as ſterling Silver; as the *Indians* part with Gold and all they have, for Glaſs and Gaudy Trifles; things of no Eſteem in better Judgments that underſtand their Value.

Thus Fops with Noiſe and Tumults fill the World,
As if that all were in Confuſion hurld.

Enter Lettice, Flavia *and* Julia.

Lettice. All our buſineſs is proſperous hitherto, and every thing bradding to our Plots beyond Belief or Expectation.

Julia. Thou art luckly ſtill in what thou undertakeſt. I would give ſomething to have thy Nativity calculated, and know what Planet Ruled when thou waſt born.

Flavia. A fortunate one no doubt, all ſhe doth is ſo natural; ſhe never ſtudies, but all her Plots flow free and eaſy from her, as if all ſhe were made for were only to help the diſtreſs'd and raiſe her Fortune to what height ſhe pleaſes.

Lettice. I am glad Ladies it lies in my Power to oblige you; you may be ſure I'le never be wanting in my Duty: The utmoſt of my Skill and Study is to ſerve and wiſh I could do more.

Julia. With thy help we can work Miracles. You ſay this Afternoon they have appointed, and *Modiſh* will be here.

Lettice. He hath promiſed my Maſter ſo; I ſhall get much by the Bargain; when my Maſter is in his Cups I muſt be call'd in I know to make 'em Sport.

Flavia. You muſt rub up your Memory for a Song to pleaſe them; for if it ben't to their Minds you will have no Commendations.

Lettice. I do what I can to pleaſe you all: I dont know what you would have more of me: You can have no more than her Skin, as the old Saying is.

Flavia. Thou doſt ſo much good while thou liveſt, 'tis a Thouſand Pities thou ſhouldſt ever dye; but I expect ſome Good of thee before that time comes.

Julia. Pray let your Elder Siſter be ſerved; for ſhe hath more Buſineſs upon her Hands already than any one Woman can turn her ſelf to.

Lettice. Pray don't fall out, I'le pleaſe you both if it be poſſible, one after the other: There's no time loſt, I hope.

Flavia. I am well enough pleaſed; only when your Hand's in the Hony-pot I would not be forgotten.

Lettice. Nor ſhall you: but this would be an ill matter at laſt, if while I am making Markets for other People, my own ſhould ſtick a-hand.

Julia. Never fear that, ſo long as there's Mony to be had, or Chapmen to buy.

Lettice. In the mean time if my Lady ſhould turn me out of her Service, between you both I hope you will give me Houſe-Room till I can provide for my ſelf, or you for me.

Julia. I willingly agree, and think it reaſonable.

Flavia. And I.

Lettice. Then I proceed, and make it my whole ſtudy to bring every thing to paſs to both your Satisfactions.

The wiſer ſort firſt for themſelves take Care,
For Want's a Burden that's too great to bear.

Enter Sir Peter Lovejoy *and Lady.*

L. *Lovejoy.* Pray S. *Peter* what makes you ſo out of humor to day? 'tis ſomething extraordinary.

S. *Peter.* Cauſe enough, I have invited 3 or 4 Honeſt Fellows this Afternoon; nay, and they promiſed to come too; and when I came to examine my Sellar, my Claret's upon the fret, not drinkable: Would not this vex any man alive?

Lady. 'Twas well you went down before they came: Now you have time to provide for them; pray who are they that are to come?

S. *Peter.* Uncle *Friendly*, Mr. *Sparkiſh*, Mr. *Serious* and Mr. *Modiſh*, all Honeſt Fellows and Loyal Men as live. [*Exit.*

L. *Lovejoy.* The Name of Mr. *Modiſh* revives my Heart: You ſee what we Women are; the leaſt croſs Accident throws us into a melancholy Fit, the good News revives us, and you may know it by our Looks as well as by our Actions, which if Mr. *Modiſh* underſtands as well as I, he ſhall read ſuch a Love-Leſſon in my Looks, he ſhan't forget this Month, if his Memory be but as good as mine. but I muſt in and ſet my ſelf off to the beſt advantage againſt their coming. [Exit.

Enter Mr. Serious.

Mr. *Serious.* Now I am in a fine Condition. I could not get rid of Sr. *Peter* without my promiſe to come with him this Afternoon; I am ſure this is not the way to cure my Shins; 'tis well if I don't make them worſe: Beſides, if Women appear, I ſhall be laught out of my Life.

Enter Mr. Friendly.

Friendly. What Mr. *Serious*, in Doubts and Diſputations with your ſelf? Are you not well?

Mr. *Serious.* Indifferent as to Health, but much in pain; I muſt uſe Abſtinence, I know no other Remedy.

Friendly. Away, away: Talk of Abſtinence! Give me good eating and drinking, that's a certain Cure for all Diſtempers: Your Kitchin-Phiſick Sir ther's nothing like it; your Doctors ſhall never get any Eſtate by me I'le warrant 'em.

Mr. *Serious.* Several men, ſeveral minds Sir; what's one man's meat is another man's poyſon, Age won't be hid: Do what we can to Cheat the World, we ſhall find alterations in our ſelves as Age grows on.

Mr. *Friendly.* Shall we ſo Sir! 'Tis not long ſince you was of another Opinion, and venturing at Women.

Serious. 'Twas all but talk; and to tell you as my Friend, I'le ſooner venture at Hanging, were I put to my Choice; for Women are good for nothing that I know of, but to bring a man into trouble, and Laugh at him when they have done. [Exit.

Enter Sir Peter, Modiſh, Sparkiſh, Serious *and* Friendly.

Sir *Peter.* Gentlemen, pray take your ſeats; here is no Women that you need ſtand upon Complements.

Modiſh. I like Sir *Peter*'s free Humour; when we Viſit him, we have always a hearty Welcom, and good Wine.

Sparkiſh. By the World, thou art in the right; I hate your ſniveling ſtingy Humour that when a man of parts comes to give him a Viſit, denies himſelf, or elſe brings his half Bottle of Claret his Wife and he left the day before, to entertain you with.

Friendly. Couſin, pray uncork a Bottle, let's taſt the Wine you ſo much boaſt of; it looks well, and taſt's well; this will do.

Sir *Peter.* I am glad it likes you *Modiſh*; Prithee what News abroad, what Plots, what Intriegues on Foot?

Modiſh. Mr. *Serious* can give the beſt account of Intriegues of any man I know.

Sir *Peter.* Ha, ha, ha, Faith I heard ſomething of it by the by; prithee *Serious* how was it?

Mr. Serious. 'Tis not a laughing matter Sir, to have Tricks put on men to endanger their Lives.

Sparkiſh. Prithee how man, were they Foot or Horſe that robb'd thee?

Serious. Who talks of being robb'd? your Wits are a Wool-gathering, if ever you had any: Pray trouble your ſelf with what concerns you; pay your Taylor's Bill, your Chirurgeon, your Landlady for your Lodgings, your Sempſtreſs, and the reſt you deal withall, and not with me.

Sparkiſh. What, angry old Friend? I know no cauſe for it by the World.

Friendly. His Shins rage, and that makes him Teſty; if you muſt know all, he hath lately had a Run at Blinds-mans-buff with the Ladies.

Modiſh. I'le warrant they ſet Joynt-Stools in his way, or ſome ſuch Trick.

Sir *Peter.* Come leave quarreling, and mind the work of the day; who pledges a Bumper?

Modiſh. Come this way Sir, if you pleaſe; your Right-hand man about, is the beſt way that every man may drink alike.

Sir *Peter.* Fill it away. [*They drink round.*]

Friendly. About with it, never let the Glaſs ſtand; we have nothing to pay in a Friends Houſe.

Sir Peter. Said like thy ſelf i'faith, I am more beholding to thee than to all the Company; they ſtand ſucking their Thumbs, as if I had no Wine in the Houſe, or were unwilling to part with it, I hate ſuch Milk-ſops.

Modiſh. You ſhall have no reaſon of Complaint before we part; we'll have the Royal Health in a Bumper of the largeſt Size.

Sir Peter. Now I like thee, thou ſavoureſt ſomething of a Gentleman: I am for dealing the Cards above-board; not like your ſerious Phanatick, who exclaims againſt Wine abroad, but will be as Drunk at home as a Woman at a Goſſiping.

Sparkiſh. Come Gentlemen, ſince nothing elſe will give Sir *Peter* ſatisfaction, away with it, all hands aloft: He that denies his Glaſs deſerves to be ſewed in a Hand-Basket, ſent to the County-Goal, and bound to anſwer it at the next Goal-delivery.

Friendly. He needs no other puniſhment; for he muſt plead his own Cauſe; a Lawyer dares not undertake it, leſt he be thought to hinder the Kings Revenue.

Serjeant. Right; but give me leave to tell you, if every man pleaded his own Cauſe, there would be leſs Law, and more Honeſty than now adays there is.

Modiſh. Come Sir *Peter* call for a Beer-glaſs, and let the King's Health go round.

Sir Peter. Agreed, with *All Joy to great Cæſar*, that every man may bear a part, and ſhew his Loyalty by his Singing, as well as by his Drinking or Fighting; a little Mirth will make the Wine go down the better.

Enter Foot-boy with Beer-glaſſes: Fills the Glaſs; they all ſing, All Joy to great *Cæſar.*

Sir Peter. Be ſure every man hath his Glaſs: Mr. *Modiſh*, Pray let that be your Care.

Modiſh. I'le warrant you, we'll never wrong our ſelves; the more we have, the Richer we are; and who would go home Poor, when he may have Riches more than enough for carrying away, and the good will of the Donor into the Bargain?

Sparkiſh. By the World, thou art in the right again; for who would

E

would diſoblige an old Acquaintance for not drinking the other Bottle, and loſe his Real Friend for a bare punctilio in Manners?

Sir *Peter.* Away with it Boys, I long till the Glaſs comes round; You are ſo tedious in promoting the deſign in hand, that a man forgets the taſte of the laſt Glaſs, before another comes to his turn to drink: I love to converſe with thoſe ſort of men that diſpatch buſineſs when they are about it; you need never to call upon them to drink their Glaſs: 'Tis no ſooner ſaid but done; here's one, there's the other; you can no ſooner make a Vye, but 'tis ſeen and doubled; there'l no going away with whole Stakes, but every man's a ſufferer, and all concludes in Mirth.

Friendly. I like your Concluſion, and was always of that mind, a little mirth, is worth a great deal of ſorrow.

Modiſh. I am of Opinion, ſet Wine aſide, nothing adds more to mirth than Women, they have for the moſt part agreeable Wiſhes, and then they Dance well; there is no being without them at a merry-meeting.

Serious. I have had too much of them not long ſince: You that have had the good Fortune to be kindly uſed by them may covet their Company.

Friendly. Never mind what he ſaith, but come along with me; we will fetch every Man his Woman, and Sir *Peter* ſhall ſit as Judge, and ſee fair play.

Sir *Peter.* Agreed, bring them in Boys. [*Exit.* Modiſh, Sparkiſh, Friendly *and* Serious.

Sir *Peter.* Now they are all gone, 'tis not amiſs to play the good husband, and add the Remnants of Wine together; ſo, this will paſs for a freſh Bottle.

Enter Friendly *and Lady* Lovejoy.
Modiſh *and* Julia.
Sparkiſh *and* Lettice.
Serious *and* Flavia.

Friendly. We have performed our promiſe with much ado; you ſee Sir *Peter* we have prevailed.

Sir *Peter.* Done like men of Honour; come fill them a Glaſs.

Lady Lovejoy. We beſeech you Sir *Peter*, excuſe us drinking; if you are for a Dance, we'll help you out at a dead lift.

Sir Peter. Stay, we are not come to that yet, I am a Cup too low; but if you will in the mean time oblige us with a Song, 'twill be very acceptable: Come Siſter *Julia*, I know you love to ſhew your parts.

Julia. I am ready enough to betray my Imperfections, you ſhould not ask me twice, but I have got ſuch a Cold, and am ſo ſtuff'd at my Stomack, I can hardly fetch my Breath; but *Lettice* here is in good Condition, ſound Wind and Limb, and fit for Service.

Lettice. Your Servant Madam, I am willing to accept the offer to oblige you, and ſo much good Company as I ſee here met together, and wiſh I could do better.

Sir Peter. Come begin, we are no Criticks in theſe matters: I am for an old Song thou knoweſt.

SONG.

[Lettice *ſings.*

1.

Phillis for ſhame, let us improve a Thouſand ſeveral ways
These few ſhort minutes ſnatch'd by Love from many tedious days;
Whilſt you want Courage to deſpiſe the Cenſures of the Grave,
For all the Tyrants in your Eyes, your Heart is but a Slave.

2.

My Love is full of noble pride,
And never will ſubmit
To let that Fop Diſcretion, ride
In Triumph over Wit.

3.

Falſe Friends I have as well as you,
Who daily Counſel me,
Fame and Ambition to purſue,
And leave off loving thee.

4.

When I the leaſt belief beſtow
On what ſuch Fools adviſe,
May I be dull enough to grow
Moſt miſerably wiſe.

S. Peter. A very pretty matter this, and well humor'd, let's have one Bumper about, and then for the Dance you talk of.

Modiſh. With all my heart; the Lady's health that ſung the Song. [*puts Gold into the Glaſs.*]

Friendly. Well thought on, let it go round, 'tis an obliging Health, and a Doſe of Cantharides will make the Wine reliſh the better, and ſhew our Acceptance and liking to the Song.

S. Peter. Now ſet forward for a Dance.

Dance of Eight.
St. Peter and *Flavia.*
Sparkiſh and *Lady Lovejoy.*
Serious and *Julia.*
Friendly and *Lettice.*

S. Peter. How think you Mr. *Modiſh*, was it not well performed?

Mr. *Modiſh.* Moſt excellent. You drove the World before you; never were at a ſtand; you had it at your Fingers ends, you needed no Inſtructions.

Mr. *Serious.* Come, 'tis time to break up: Let us hinder Sr. *Peter* and his Lady no longer from going to their reſt.

Sparkiſh, Friendly. Ay, ay; let's depart every Man to his own Home. [*Exeunt all but* Modiſh.

Modiſh. 'Tis ſome ſatisfaction that I have had a ſight of that Incomparable Beauty I ſo much longed to be acquainted with.

Thus ſtep by ſtep we paſs from Grief to Joy;
But in an inſtant all our Hopes deſtroy.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Sparkiſh, Tom *and a Hackney* Coachman.

Coachman. PRAY Mr. don't make me wait any longer; I have loſt my Fare already.

Sparkiſh. Prithee hold thy peace, thou art more importunate than a Dunning Set on a Saturday Morning: I muſt call at the New Bell before I go. Here *Tom*, find out *Modiſh* and give him that Note; tell him I ſhall return at Night.

Coachman. I'le call you, Maſter.

Sparkiſh. Half an Hour hence I am for you; don't grumble; I'le conſider thee for thy Pains when I come to London. [*Exit.*

Coachman. I believe no man in England hath ſuch Luck as I to meet with drunken Cuſtomers: When they get into a Tavern there's no getting of them out again without a Quarrel, and then before I come by the worſt of it. Well, God mend em I ſay, and ſend me better Fortune for the future. [*Exit.*

Enter Sparkiſh *and a* Drawer.

Sparkiſh. Where's your Maſter? I muſt ſee him before I go to London, and the Coach ſtay's.

Drawer. He is in bed Sir: If you pleaſe I'le ſhew you up to him. [*Exit.*

Sparkiſh. Do ſo.

Enter Tom *and* Modiſh.

Modiſh. 'Tis very well; if my Occaſions be not too urgent I'le meet him in the Evening. [*Exit* Tom.

Modiſh. All I can find by his Note is to let me know he is going to a Whore. This Fool takes more pains to make himſelf publick than others do to keep themſelves from the Cenſure of the World: But take it for a general Rule, your ſly-pretending formal Hypocrite is the great'ſt Whore Maſter.

Enter Serious *with an Infant in his Arms.*

Modiſh. How now Mr. *Serious*, what turn'd Nurſe in your ol Age? or is this one of thy Frolicks to divert thy ſelf for an Ayering after laſt nights Debauch.

Serious. Needs muſt when the Devil drives. I am in a Strai and know not which way to turn my ſelf without your Advice anc Aſſiſtance? I have met it *ſoundly* with a fruitful Whore and here's the Effects of my Labour: What will you adviſe me in this Caſe?

Modiſh. Cut the Throat or ſtifel it in the next Houſe of Office 'Tis but venturing a Swing at Tyburn: I know no quicker way to get rid of it; but you had beſt keep your own Counſel.

Serious. Pray be reſerv'd Mr. *Modiſh*, you ſee I truſt my Honour in your Hands as the only Friend I dare be bold withal; you are better acquainted here than I am, therefore pray adviſe me.

Modiſh. You are miſtaken in your Man; I never have any thing to do with Women, and by that means avoid both the Trouble and Charge that attends on whoring; for if you dance you muſt pay your Muſick.

Mr. *Serious.* I know thou underſtandſt the World, the Theorick part at leaſt if not the practick; like ſome ſtudious men in the World, who by their reading will give a better Deſcription of the Ways and Manners of a Foraign Country, than thoſe who have travel'd out of Curioſity to learn their Language.

Modiſh. All this I grant; but I am not bound, as I take it, to make every one as wiſe as my ſelf: Your Divine, if he gives you a Sermon, deſerves a Reward; your Lawyer meddles not with your Cauſe, tho never ſo good, without his Fee; nor will your Chirurgion perfect your Cure without Mony; nor will a Nurſe take this trouble off your Hands without being ſatisfied how ſhe ſhall be rewarded for her Care and Trouble; nor will I venture to pull the Thorn out of your Foot, and put into my own without a Reward to ſweeten the Sorrow I may undergo before I get it out again

Mr. *Serious.* Thou ſhalt not want for Encouragement; If Gold will purchaſe thy Aſſiſtance I'le not be ungratefully here's 100 Gui-

nea's

ney; I deſign to beſtow on that man, be he whom he will that takes this Burden from me; this from my own Hands.

Modiſh. A ſhrewd Temptation; the Mony is quickly earn'd; I'le venture on't for once; it is the firſt I ever undertook to ſee diſpoſed of. Who knows what Luck I may have? Come what will, we ſhall live well while the Guinnea's laſt; and before they are gone I hope to ſee it well provided for; give me the Gold and Infant; Dad's own Eyes and Noſe, as like the Father as if he had been ſpit out of his Mouth, as the ſaying is.

Mr. Serious. Nay the Child is well enough, and I think this the beſt Bargain I ever made in my life, to quit my hands of it. Fie upon whoring if this be it. [*Exit.*

Modiſh. You ſee Gallants what Gold can make men do: This yellow Earth hath wrought more miſchief in the World than can be numbred up; this hath prevailed on Widows, Maids and Wives, to undergo Eternal Shame and Infamy; for this the Father hath betray'd the Son, and brought upon him Miſchief worſe than Death, and now hath wrought on me to hide this Wretch's Shame.

Gold ſaves our Lives, and it can Death procure,
It ſets men free, yet nothing binds more ſure [*Exit.*

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Upon examining my Pocket I find I am well paid for my ſinging, I may afford to drink Eggs and Muſcadine to Clear my Voice againſt the next Opportunity; this comes of Diligence; I might have lain ſtill long enough 'ere this would have dropt into my Mouth; but according to the old Proverb, A wagging Hand gets the Penny.

Enter Modiſh.

Modiſh. My little Mercury of happy News, my Comfort in Diſtreſs! What News haſt brought? I read a joyful Meſſage in thy Looks.

Lettice. I come to let you know the Lady is at leiſure to entertain your Suite; but as I came I met your Rival *Serious* going to her with a quick Pace, as longing Lovers uſe when Opportunity preſents it's ſelf; Impatient of Delay think Minutes Hours, and Hours as long as Years, nay Ages, 'till they compaſs their Deſigns and reach the Happineſs they covet after.

Modiſh. If nothing elſe be in our way but he, 'tis no great matter; I have a Hank on him.

Lettice. Pray Sir what is it? Remove but him, you have as free Acceſs as can be wiſht.

Modiſh. In ſhort then, for I am uneaſy till I ſee her: I eaſed him of a Baſtard Child this Morning, and had a 100 Guinnea's for my pains; I'le near betray my Truſt; but you I know will conceal it from the World, therefore I truſt you.

Lettice. Be confident I'le never divulge the Secret; but I have a ſuddain Motion in my Mind may do me ſervice: What think you if you ſhould imploy your Man as an Apparitor to frighten him and gain you Privacy and Freedom with her?

Modiſh. There's nothing that could be thought on better; hadſt thou ſtudied ſeven Years for a Plot to prevent him, this would have taken place.

Lettice. I'le ſtep and call your Man; do you inſtruct him how he ſhould behave himſelf?

Modiſh. I'le warrant you, when you have done all there's nothing like a Womans Wit; there's nothing comes amiſs to them; I might have ſtudied long enough for this Stratagem 'ere I ſhould have thought of it; but their Genius never fails them.

Enter Stephen.

Modiſh. What think you *Stephen*, can you counterfeit the part of an Apparitor and fright Mr. *Serious* out of a Diſtemper lately taken hold on him?

Stephen. You may truſt me to perform a greater piece of ſervice than that comes to. Give me a few Inſtructions.

Modiſh. Then know there is lately laid to him a Baſtard Child, which doubtleſs is not his; if by this means you can divert him for an hour or two, 'twill do me ſervice.

Stephen. Leave me to manage him; let me but know where to find him I'le deal with him.

Modiſh. He is now at Sir *Peter Lovejoy*'s Houſe, there you may find him.

Stephen. I'le inſtantly be with him; but firſt I'le write my Summons that muſt frighten him, and by that means ſcrew ſomething out of him, or elſe he'le take me for a Cheat and no Apparitor. [*Exit.*

Modiſh. Now I may make my Viſit; for before we ſhall not be troubled long with him to interrupt us.

Lettice. 'Twill be worth ſeeing him in this Convulſion betwixt Love and Fear; but I muſt to my Poſt as if I were not at all concern'd. [*Exeunt Ambo.*

Enter Serious *and* Julia.

Serious. I hope Madam you will pardon my Rudeneſs among the reſt, for keeping you up ſo late laſt night; I had not been with them but only to behold your Beauty.

Julia. Now I am ſure you flatter me; but that's the way of the Men now-adays, and you and I will be in the Faſhion.

Enter Modiſh.

Modiſh. All Happineſs attend you Madam; I was paſſing by your Door, and could do no leſs than give Sir *Peter* my Thanks; but underſtand he is not within.

Julia. Nor his Lady neither, they are both abroad.

Modiſh. Taking their mornings Walk: A Loving Couple, love to be together.

Enter Stephen *in the Habit of an Apparitor.*

Stephen. Is Mr. *Serious* here? Pardon my Rudeneſs Madam, I found the Door open, and was informed he was here.

Serious. What's your Buſineſs with him, Friend?

Enter Lettice.

Stephen. I have a little private buſineſs to him: Are you the Man Sir?

Serious. I am ſo; what's your Want?

Stephen. Pleaſe to walk aſide; my Meſſage is quickly deliverd, [*pulls out the Summons*] I am order'd to leave that with your Worſhip, that's all.

Serious. I'le ſend an Anſwer by you: Where may I ſee you by and by?

Stephen. I am juſt now going to the New Bell to take Horſe for *London*: I am in haſt, Time is precious with me now. [*Exit.*

Serious. I'le go with you. Madam, a good Morning to you. I have a little earneſt Buſineſs muſt be diſpatch'd.

Julia. That muſt not be neglected, I wiſh you good *Succeſs* in your Affairs.

Serious. Your Servant Madam, Good Morrow Mr. *Modiſh* [*Exit.*

Modiſh. E'ne Sir a good Riddance of a troubleſome Companion; I think him ſo.

Julia. And I am of your Opinion; I am a year the older methinks for this little I have had of his Company.

Modiſh. I am for Company agreeable, that is, I would have the Aged with thoſe like themſelves, declining People; the Melancholy with thoſe who are Enemies to Mirth; and the youthful with the brisk and airy; for by this equal ſorting of Company all Parties would be ſatisfied: For as Water favours moſt of the laſt Mineral it ran through; ſo we retain the Remembrance of the laſt Company we converſe withal.

Julia. What a Conſternation of Spirit he was in! Sure the Meſſenger brought him *ſome* unwelcome News.

Modiſh. If we may judge of the Cauſe by the Effects, there's no contradicting what your Ladyſhip hath ſaid; *for* he ſeem'd to be in a great Agony.

Lettice. He was loth to leave you Madam, but was conſtrained to it againſt his Inclination.

Julia. Diſſembling Hypocrite, would make the World believe that all he does and ſays is juſt and honeſt, when he means nothing leſs; he ſets a guilded Outſide to the World, when all within is Rottenneſs and Stench.

Modiſh. Madam, I find you have a piercing Eye, and can diſcern with Eaſe 'twixt Truth and Falſehood; There's that within you that's Divine and Sacred, and therefore not to be impoſed upon.

Julia. Be we as careful as we can, we are ſometimes outwitted by thoſe we leaſt ſuſpect.

Modiſh. But we loſe Time more precious than the Wealth of both the *Indies*, while we diſcourſe of ſuch diſſembling Wretches, and may imploy it to much better purpoſe, now Opportunity preſents it ſelf, and Fortune's obliging to lend us thus much Time and Privacy.

Julia. You are now a Sphere above my Apprehenſion. I am much too young to comprehend deep Myſteries; be plain in what you ſay, that I may underſtand your Meaning.

Modiſh. Ah Madam! I want Words to tell my Story, and let you know the great Eſteem and Veneration I have for your perſon; but could you draw aſide my fleſhly Curtain and view your fair Idea where 'tis ſeated within my Breaſt, above my power or skill to raze out or demoliſh; perhaps you would have ſome kind Reſentments then, and bear Compaſſion for your ſuffering Slave.

Julia. May I believe that what you ſay is real?

Modiſh. Or may I ever after be ſuſpected, and not believed when I ſpeak greateſt Truths.

Julia. I on theſe Terms accept you as a perſon I would ſometimes converſe with when Opportunity preſents it ſelf, and eaſe a Heart as full of Cares as yours, and ſtill as richly fraught with vertuous Love.

Modiſh. And when you find me otherwiſe inclin'd than wholly to be acted by your Will and abſolute Command, deſpiſe me as the worſt of human Kind, and ſtigmatize me with ſome Mark of Infamy that I may ever be abhorred by all good-meaning People, and like a place infected by the Plague be ſhunn'd by all that know me.

Julia. I have been the freer with you, becauſe I expect Sir *Peter* and my Siſter, who will diſturb our Privacy. I know my Siſter hath a great Eſteem for you, the which I would have you cheriſh

riſh; it will help much to forward our Deſign; the reſt I'le leave to your wiſe Management, and take my leave at preſent; for if my Siſter finds us both together ſhe will then ſuſpect our Plot. [*Exit.*

Modiſh. Like weary Travellers who have loſt their Way benighted in ſome ſtrange and unknown Country, eſpy ſome Light from the next Country Village, and with what ſpeed they can they make toward it, where being refreſh'd with Courſe, but wholeſom Food, forget the Labour of the fore-ſpent Day; ſo I with this ſmall Glimps of Happineſs forget my weary Hours and reſtleſs Nights, as if they had never been.

Thus Show'rs and Sunſhine, Joy and Grief take place
Like Night and Day which run their conſtant Race. [*Exit.*

Lettice. This goes as I would wiſh. This Couple are come already to a right Underſtanding. Would her Siſter were as well provided for; but that's a Work of Time, nor will my Lady be a little out of ſorts when ſhe knows Mr. *Modiſh* hath been here and ſhe miſt the Sight of him; ſo paſſionate we are when any thing croſſeth our Humour, and how tranſported with Joy when every thing hits to our Minds?

Enter Sir Peter, *Lady* Lovejoy *and* Flavia, *as from walking.*

S. *Peter.* You are not fit to have the name of Walkers: I'le undertake in two Miles to gain one of you, and never put my ſelf in a Diſorder. *Lettice*, hath any body been here ſince we went?

Lettice. Here hath been Mr. *Modiſh* to tender his Service.

L. *Lovejoy.* What an Opportunity is here miſt! But it cannot be helpt now if I ſhould break my Heart. [*aſide.*]
This comes of your Folly. S. *Peter*; when you ſhould be at home to entertain your Friend you are beating the Fields like a Setting-Dog.

S. *Peter.* Prithee ben't ſo paſſionate, we ſhall ſee him again very ſuddainly I'le warrant you.

L. *Lovejoy.* You warrant. I wonder how long you have been a Star-gazer, you can foretell future Events ſo well: Never any Woman was ſo hamper'd with a conceited Coxcomb as I am with you; there's no end of your Folly: Wretched Woman that I am!

S. *Peter.* Nay pray don't weep about any thing that hath happen'd, we'll ſet all to rights again: Upon my Honour I am ſorry I led thee ſo far; thou art weary I warrant, I cannot much blame thee.

Flavia. If ſhe ben't, I am: When you get me a walking with you again it ſhan't be in a Morning, nor in the common Fields; the next time you draw me into the Snare I'le give you leave to laugh at me and call me Fool as long as you know me. Call you me this walking? [*Exit.*

L. *Lovejoy.* It ſhall learn me Wit for the future; I am ſo weary I know not which way to turn my *ſelf.* I muſt in and lye down or elſe I ſhall eat no Dinner. [*Exit.*

Lettice. 'Tis a ſtrange thing you would have my Lady ſo far to tire her thus; for ought I know it may make her miſcarry. [*Ex. Running*

S. *Peter.* 'Tis well you are as light heel'd as nimble tongu'd, I ſhould have been on the Bones of you elſe; 'twould make a Dog break his Halter to hear theſe two Women complain; they are ſoon out of Humor and as ſoon in again: I'le lay my life after Dinner their Tongues will run ſo faſt a Man ſhan't croud in a Word Edg-ways if he would never ſo fain, with them, but they will have all the Talk tho it ſignifies no more than a black *Pudding.*

Enter Friendly *and* Sparkiſh.

Friendly. What's the matter with thee *Sparkiſh*, thou look'ſt ſo dull, and rub'ſt thy Head this Morning; what offends thee man?

Sparkiſh. 'Tis the Wine I drank laſt Night lies in my Head. I wonder how you rub through with it ſo well as you do; I am as Squeamiſh as a new married Woman, that's breeding her firſt Child; when ſhe is in one of her breeding fits, ſhe reſolves never to have any more Children; and I in one of my ſick qualms, never to drink any more Wine: But you ſee how quickly we break our Reſolutions; the firſt kind proffer, and the firſt good Company, make us run the hazard of a diſorder, tho we have experienced the ſad effects before.

Friendly. Bear up man, ne're give way, and part good Company for the Head-ach, or diſaffected Stomach; 'tis ſo Childiſh, I am aſhamed to hear thee name it: One Bottle ſets thee right again, and makes thee as ſound as a Roch; there's no Medicine I know like it, 'tis beyond all the Pills in the World.

Sparkiſh. I have heard much talk of the Devil of *Edmonton*, but I think I met with him laſt Night. Well Sir, if you will bear me Company, I'le venture at a Doſe of your Phyſick, and try what effects it will have on my weak Conſtitution.

Friendly. Come then, obſerve but my directions, and if I fail, let me never more be truſted in the like Caſe. [*Exeunt ambo*

Enter Modiſh *and Sir* Peter Lovejoy.

Sir *Peter.* Faith *Modiſh*, I have been ſeverely Chid for being abroad this Morning when you called; my Lady was ſo angry as paſt; but when ſhe ſees you, I hope ſhe will be reconciled again: You muſt ſtand my Friend, and beg my pardon; for I have appointed a Meeting this Afternoon, but durſt as well have been hanged as have gone, if I had not met with you.

Modiſh. I'le warrant you I'le make you Friends; ſince I occaſioned your falling out, 'tis but reaſonable I ſhould perform that Friendly Office.

Enter Lady Lovejoy.

Lady Lovejoy. Mr. *Modiſh*, your humble Servant; I have been telling Sir *Peter* a piece of my mind; for being out of the way when you call'd this Morning, I was afraid you would have taken diſtaſte, and not have ſeen us preſently again.

Modiſh. Madam, you oblige me with your Favours, which I prize more than Life: Beſides, do you think I could forget my generous Friend Sir *Peter*, and prove ungrateful under all his kindneſs? Have better thoughts of your obliged Servant.

Sir *Peter.* I'le as ſoon ſuſpect thy Loyalty as thy Friendſhip; but to ſatisfie my Lady of it, you muſt ſtay and Dine with us, or elſe all won't be right.

Modiſh. Any thing I'le yield to, rather than have my Lady diſturb'd, tho' I can ill ſpare time.

Lady Lovejoy. The Obligation is the greater that you will afford us your Company, when you have Conferences of more Moment lack your Attendance, and wait your care to manage them.

Modiſh. We muſt lay aſide Intereſt, Madam, ſometimes, to ſerve our Friends, or elſe we live like Savages or Hermits, without Converſe and Company; we ſhould turn wild and barbarous, not value Life nor Wealth, nor Reputation; but like the Bruits, make Herbs and Roots our Suſtenance, Contemn all Laws, and be each others prey.

Sir Peter. Said like thy ſelf i'faith, there is nothing like Peace and Quietneſs when all is done: I hate to hear of Wars and Tumults; Sedition and Rebellion, are things I abominate; 'tis againſt my Natural Inclination, to *ſee* our Trainbands in Arms once a year when they are muſter'd. I'le warrant you, my Heart would not have ſerved me to have ſeen the Camp at *Hounſlow*, if any Man would have given me 100 Guinea's.

L. Lovejoy. Well ſaid Goodman Wiſeacre, if you are ſo Hen-hearted, can't you keep it to your ſelf, and not make all the World acquainted with it?

S. Peter. Soft and fair Mrs. Prate-a-pace, ſince the King hath been pleaſed to give me the Title of Knighthood, methinks you might give me the Title of Gentleman; 'tis an Affront to Authority, and give me leave to tell *you*, I don't ſee how you will anſwer it before your Betters.

L. Lovejoy. You had beſt turn Informer; 'tis the beſt employment I know of for you: His Majeſty is well help'd up with ſuch Juſtices of the Peace as you are: There's too many ſuch, God help us, makes us at that paſs we are at; they will Acquit a Man for Houſe-breaking, and Commit a Man to Goal for taking a lawful Courſe for what's his own.

S. Peter. Well, if you were not my Boſom-Friend, this ſhould not paſs unpuniſhed; but we forget our Dinner, that will be ſpoiled while we ſtand trifling our time away.

[*Ex. S.* Peter, *L.* Lovejoy *&* Modiſh.

Enter Friendly *and* Sparkiſh.

Friendly. How think you now of my way of Curing the Head-Ach?

Sparkiſh. I like well enough of it ; 'tis ſoon done, and not very Chargeable, a Shilling's the moſt it Coſts : Who would not give that for ſuch a Refreſhment?

Friendly. 'Tis as certain a Cure for the Head-Ach, as your Jeſuits Powder for an Ague : I have try'd all Experiments, and find nothing like it.

Sparkiſh. It hath one ill property that I know of, it ſets a Man in for all day, if he like his Company.

Friendly. Who would not bear with a ſmall Inconveniency to get rid of a dolorous Pain? the Head-ach is as bad or worſe than Tooth-ach, and that they ſay will make a Dog run mad.

Sparkiſh. Your Phiſick makes a Man wanton ; e'en like Opium, it ſets a Man a doſing that he never feels his Pain and knows not whether he be ſick or well.

Friendly. Other Phiſick makes a Man ſick before it works, and that I think no body likes ; beſides, 'tis expected you ſhould keep your Chamber with it ; this requires no ſuch Obſervations, but you are at your Liberty, free and unconfin'd ; it adds a Beauty to the Face, and makes a Man look as freſh as a Roſe in *June.*

Sparkiſh. It makes a Man bold I know, and do that which is moſt againſt the Byaſs of his Will and Inclination at another time : Thus *Alexander* kill'd his Friend in his Wine ; an Act which could he have recalled again, he would have given his new vanquiſht World, and thought it well beſtowed.

Friendly. I have o're ſtayd my time ; come, will you walk, and as we go we'll end this hot Debate. [*Exit* Friendly *and* Sparkiſh

Enter Lettice *and* Modiſh.

Lettice. I knew ſhe would try your Patience before you got loſe from her ; for all her *Pretenſions* I would not be a handſome young Gentleman in her way when ſhe is in the Humour, for more than I will ſpeak of.

Modiſh. She is as unreaſonable as a loſing Gamſter ; there's no parting with her without a Quarrel ; whatſoever Mans Occaſions be, ſhe will be firſt ſerved under penalty of loſing her Favour for the future. Mrs. *Lettice*, is there no ſeeing Madam *Julia*?

Lettice. At Eight a Clock this Evening if you come I'le ſo contrive it you ſhall be in private with her, till then farewel. [*Ex. Lettice.*

Modiſh. This Woman, my Lady as you call her, hath put me in a Heat with her Clack; ſhe will have ſix Words to your one, make the beſt uſe of your time you can; 'tis an *Ægyptian* Slavery to keep her Company.

Enter Sparkiſh.

Sparkiſh. Modiſh your Servant; I have been enquiring for you in all your Haunts, and could not hear of you to acquaint you with my good fortune. I have received a Challeng from a perſon of Honour to meet her this Evening, Eight the time, a clear Stage, and no Quarter to be given on either ſide, and without Seconds Boy.

Modiſh. At this rate you may, for all I know, be glad to turn Child again, and cry kings-cruce for a breathing while; you take like Tinder and are tranſported with the Thoughts of your hot Ingagement like a raw Soldier, nothing but Fire and Fagot will content you; but after an Engagement or two, he fights with Moderation, keeps Rank and File and comes up with his Leader.

Sparkiſh. I queſtion not to come off with flying Colours: How malicious thou art, becauſe thy croſs Fate will not afford thee one happy Day in a year, thou wouldſt have every body elſe under the like Circumſtances: I hate ſuch ill-humour'd ſnarling Companions; and ſo I leave you to fret in your Greaſe, 'till you return to a better Humour. [*Exit.*

Modiſh. I'le lay my life this Appointment is one of *Lettice's* contriving, to keep her Lady imploy'd while we are together in the Evening; how fond the Fool is of it!

Both Plants and Trees their certain Seaſon know,
Riſe with the Sun and wither when 'tis low;
Beaſts their appointed time to ſeek their Prey,
They range all Night, and to their Dens at Day:
Yet Man the Lord of all, that's here below
Courts Care and Toyl, and will no time beſtow
To eaſe his reſtleſs and diſturbed Mind,
Courts what is bad, and leaves what's good behind.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

Enter S. Peter Lovejoy, Friendly *and* Modiſh.

Friendly. As poſitive as you are S. *Peter*, I am not bound to pin my *Faith* upon any mans Sleeve in the World, neither will I be perſwaded to act againſt my Reaſon, except you can bring better Arguments for what you have affirm'd, than I can againſt it; I won't be bubled out of that little Senſe I have left me.

S. *Peter.* What Argument would you have me undertake to gratifie your Curioſity? I'le uſe my weak Endeavours to give you ſatisfaction, if that will do.

Friendly. Pray then make good, if you can, your Maxim, that you are always forcing upon People to make them believe there's no Whore after Marriage.

Modiſh. If he makes that Argument good, it will go a great way in reconciling the World, and he will perform a friendly Office to the Publick.

S. *Peter.* To the Point in hand then. Firſt I would know if you take our Lawmakers to be wiſe and conſiderate men or no.

Friendly. No doubt they were ſo; who denies that is to blame.

Modiſh. Beyond all contradiction, there's no denying it.

S. *Peter.* That granted you go a great way in confirming my Argument; for I find by my reading, that there can be no Baſtard born in Wedlock, therefore no Whore after Marriage. What have ye to ſay againſt it Gentlemen?

Modiſh. As I live the Knight ſpeaks reaſon, deny it who can; I am convinc't.

Friendly. On my word I cannot contradict what he ſaith, nor will I go about it.

S. *Peter.* Nay 'tis but a Folly, having granted the Premiſes, to go about to deny the Concluſion. Let Reaſon rule you; and tho it be a vulgar Error which I have here confuted, ſit down ſatisfied there are thouſands miſtaken beſides your ſelf, which I hope in a ſhort time to convince and make ſenſible of their Errour.

Modiſh. But in this caſe where the Husband is beyond the Seas your Argument will not hold good, the Law is expreſly againſt you.

S. Peter. Right, but there our Lawmakers were ſhort-ſighted; for is it reaſonable becauſe the Husband is beyond the Seas the Wife ſhould loſe her teeming? Beſides ſhe doth it out of meer neceſſity, and againſt that you know there is no Law.

Friendly. As I live well anſwered; he hath both Senſe and Reaſon on his ſide, and againſt that there is no diſputing.

S. Peter. This is nothing but what is common that I have made out to you; but I hear the Virtuoſo's are about a Project, which if it take effect, will be worthy their Pains and Labour, and very beneficial to the World.

Modiſh. What may it be S. *Peter*, if a man may inquire without offence, this uſe you ſpeak of?

S. Peter. I find you are out at Myſtery; ſure you converſe with none but thick-ſcul'd Fellows you hear not of it; why they have undertaken, nay upon the matter brought it to perfection too, to make a Man a Woman.

Friendly. An excellent Project this. But how is it ſo beneficial to the World as you talk of?

S. Peter. There you are ſhort again of your Comprehenſion: How many great Eſtates have been loſt for want of an Heir?

Modiſh. This doth not at all mend the matter, the making a Man a Woman; it had been ſomething to have made a Woman a Man, that might have been of uſe where an Heir Male had been wanting.

S. Peter. That's implied, if they compaſs the one the other comes of Courſe; for 'tis leſs trouble to make a Woman a Man, than 'tis to make a Man a Woman.

Modiſh. I acquieſce Sir, and modeſtly ſubmit to better Judgments.

Friendly. But if this Argument prevails among us, where are all the Cuckolds and Wittals the World hath ſo much talke of? There are no ſuch Creatures; 'tis ſtrange we ſhould be thus impoſed upon, and ſwallow it for a Truth for divers Ages.

S. Peter. Why they are agreed, and gone a different Voyage, the Witals to ſeek the Phœnix in *Arabia*, and the Cuckolds the Unicorn in the Iſle of *Pines*.

Friendly. Say you ſo Sir, then without doubt at their Return, they will make a ſaving Voyage of it; for a Phœnix and an Unicorn will be worth the ſeeing, being ſuch Rarities as were never yet ſeen, tho much talk'd of; they muſt of neceſſity gain abundance of Wealth by them.

S. Peter. No doubt of it, when theſe things come to paſs they need not want Mony; for I look upon a Wital or a Cuckold, to be as ſtrange, or a ſtranger ſight than the Unicorn or Phœnix, and may as ſoon be found: But I have Affairs in hand which muſt not be neglected, and therefore muſt beg your *Pardon* for leaving you thus abruptly. [*Exit Sir* Peter.

Friendly. On my word, the Knight argues Reaſon, and by his Reading finds we are impoſed upon, and frankly undeceives the ignorant, and deſerves Commendations for his Care. I find we ſtill may learn, tho we live never ſo long. [*Exit.*

Modiſh. This Fool takes all the other ſays for Oracles. How ſome are impoſed upon, and yield to things incredible and non-ſenſe; and are prevail'd upon to own Abſurdities and Contradictions, both to Senſe and Reaſon? By which we may ſee, there are Bigots in Opinions as well as in Religion; while ſober Men abandon all ſuch Follies, and laugh at thoſe that are deluded by them.

The Ignorant are thus abus'd and gull'd
By thoſe, whoſe buſineſs is to Cheat the World.

Enter Julia, *and after her* Lettice *ſinging.*

2.

Lettice. *Since we poor ſlaviſh Women know,*
Our men we cannot pick and chuſe,
To him we love we ſay him no,
And both our time and labour loſe:
By our put-off's and fond delays
A lovers Appetite we pall,
And if too long the Gallant ſtays,
His Stomach's gone for good and all.

3.

Or our impatient Amorous Gueſt,
Unknown to us away they ſteal,
And rather than ſtay for a Feaſt,
Take up with ſome courſe homely Meal:
When Opportunity is kind,
Let prudent Women be ſo too;
And if the Man be to her mind,
Be ſure ſhe do not let him go.

4.

The Match ſoon made is happieſt ſtill,
For Love has only there to do;
Let no one marry 'gainſt her Will,
But ſtand off when her Parents woo:
And to the Suiter be not Coy,
For ſhe whoſe Joynture can obtain,
To let a Fop her Bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Wench for Gain.

Julia. Well thou art as mad a Laſs as ever I met withall; full Back, full Edg thou art always merry.

Lettice. Hang Sorrow, Care will kill a Catt, there's nothing gain'd by thinking, I ſay; it only brings People into Diſtempers: From a melancholy thinking Life I ſtill pray to be delivered.

Julia. And may'ſt thou have thy Wiſh I ſay: But how have you order'd Matters for our Meeting to night in private, as you promiſed?

Lettice. Well enough I'le warrant you: I have provided my Lady a Companion, which if ſhe parts with preſently, I have loſt my Aim and ſhe her old Wont; when they are together we are ſecure for a ſhort Space of time; I ſung you the old Song to put you in mind of what you are going about, that you forget not to make uſe of your Time, for that's a precious Commodity as the World goes.

Julia. I deſerve, if I loſe ſuch an Opportunity as this, to be balk't ever after, and not ſo much as pitied by thee or any body elſe.

Lettice. Come will you move toward your Chamber to recieve him when he comes? I'le take that care of you to bring you together, and leave you to agree the matter between your ſelves. [*Exit* *Julia.*

Enter Sparkiſh.

Sparkiſh. Your Servant Lady, is my Lady *Lovejoy* within?

Lettice. Yes Sir; that Door will bring you to the Room where ſhe is waiting your Coming. [*Exit* Sparkiſh.

So, there's one Couple provided for according to their wiſh; my next care is for the young Couple to ſee them fitted to their Minds.

Enter Modiſh.

Modiſh. My Guide, my Convoy, now I ſee thee I am ſafe; I commit my ſelf wholly to thy Care and Management.

Lett. I ſhould fit him finely now, if I ſhould ſend him to yonder Couple in the Parlour; but that would ſo diſcourage him he would not look a Woman in the Face this Month, and by that time my Charge above ſtairs would pine her ſelf to death. If you pleaſe to take the pains to walk up ſtairs, the firſt Room on the Right-Hand you will find the Lady you look for; away ſo briſk, and let's have none of your Canterbury Stories; make uſe of your Time.

Modiſh. As near as I can I will obſerve your Directions; but ſtill I am of that Philoſophers mind, who blam'd Nature, and not without a Cauſe, who had given Man ſo long a *Leſſon* and ſo ſhort a time to learn it in. [*Exit.*

Lettice. How eagerly he purſues that which now he counts his Happineſs! Like Children who are for the preſent fond of Trifles, but ſtraight grow weary of them, and the next pleaſing Object makes them quite forgotten; ſo ſome years hence diſcourſe this eager Lover, he will tell you then that Marriage is a burden too hard for him to bear, and I who am now reſpected and rewarded for my Service, may then lie under the bittereſt Curſes that Malice can invent.

Before Injoyment Women Angels ſeem,
But afterwards they are of no Eſteem:
Among our Gallants Miſtreſſes are ſo Common,
They hate the name of Wife or Civil Woman. [Ex.

Enter Friendly *and* Serious.

Friendly. Thou art always upon Extreams, ſometimes nothing but a Woman can pleaſe thee, at another time, the very ſight of a Woman puts thee into a diſorder: Is there no mean between Loving and Loathing? But good Counſel is thrown away upon ſuch obdurate men as thou art. [*Exit.*

Serious. Now I have the liberty to ſteer my Courſe which way I like beſt, it muſt be after the Female Sex ſtill, tho I have ſuffered ſo deeply by them: I may talk of Religion, but that ſerves only to blind the World. [*Exit.*

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. I have been in all the likelieſt places hereabouts, to find this Maſter of mine, but can hear no News of *him*; he's got into ſome blind Corner or other with a Female *Sinner*: It is a ſtrange thing nothing will Cure him of this Itch of Letchery; for he hath been uſed badly enough by that ſort of Creatures, and to my knowledg is under Cure for his third Clap: But I muſt not give over hunting till I find him, and ſee him ſafe in his Lodging. [*Exit.*

Enter Sparkiſh, *leading in Lady* Lovejoy.

Sparkiſh. Madam, the Obligations you have now laid on me, binds me for ever your devoted Servant; when ſhall I be thus bleſt again? Dear Madam, ſuch Raviſhing Delights as paſs belief, dwell ever in your Eyes, and in your Face a Thouſand Charms are moving; the leaſt of which hath force enough to reſtore Nature ſetled on the Lees, and turn old Age to Youth.

L. *Lovejoy.* Sir, You are maker of your own good Fortune; if you ſtyle this your Happineſs, 'tis in your power to give a date to

Love, and make it ſhort or laſting, as you pleaſe; I am but like a Dial in Tempeſtuous Weather, of no uſe till you the Sun appear.

Sparkiſh. If I may have my wiſh, we will loſe no time, for Husband is ſtill to promote our Happineſs, that after Ages envying our Felicity, ſhall take their Meaſures from us, and Copy what we leave fairly Written.

L. *Lovejoy.* 'Tis ſtill the fate of Lovers to be at firſt extreamly fond and Court-like, till time that alters all things, makes us Common and Cheap to one another, if not, Age won't be hid; and then what ſeem'd ſo fair and lovely to us, is defaced and blemiſh'd like Garments out of Faſhion, not regarded; ſo Love, as Age grows on, declines, and nauſeates what before it moſt longed after.

Sparkiſh. With ſickly Appetites all nouriſhment is loathſome, but you have Charms that ſtill create more liking, and add a Luſtre to your heavenly Form, which Captivates at ſight.

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Madam, I hear my Maſter in the Street, he is coming home; I thought it part of my Duty to give your Ladyſhip notice.

L. *Lovejoy.* 'Tis well done, go to Bed, I'le let your Maſter in; Your abſence will now be neceſſary.

Sparkiſh. Madam, Your Servant.

L. *Lovejoy.* That Door will lead you the Back-way out; your Servant Sir, good Night. [*Ex.* Sparkiſh.

By this means I may make a Diſcovery, and *ſee* what humour my Knight is in when he is Top and Top-Gallant; for being faulty my ſelf, makes me have a mighty ſuſpicion of other People.

[*Knocking without,* L. Lovejoy *blows out the Candle, then opens the door.*]

Enter Sir Peter.

Sir. Peter. Well *Lettice,* Is thy Mrs. ſafe?

L. *Lovejoy.* Whiſt, Whiſt.

Sir Peter. Nay, I can be as ſilent as any body if that will do; march on tho it be dark, I ſhall make ſome ſhift or other to follow my Leader.

Enter Modiſh *leading in* Julia, Lettice *following them.*

Modiſh. Tranſporting Joys are always ſhort and fleeting, not permanent and durable; the ſatisfaction ſcarce balances the loſs of parting with them; your beauteous form hath made ſuch deep Impreſſion in me, that wanting you I want my better part, and can no more reach Happineſs without you, than Fruit in Autumn ripens without Sun ſhine.

Julia. This is no time for long Diſcourſes Sir, the Night's far ſpent, and I am indiſpoſed, and much diſordered.

Lettice. Come Sir, Face to the Right, and follow your Leader: I'le conduct you out, 'tis time to part.

Modiſh. And muſt we part? Farewel till next we meet, thou Beauteous Soul: Eternal Love wait and attend upon thee. [*Exit.*

Julia. The thoughts of future happineſs ſtill make us undergo the greateſt Slavery and Servitude without Repining; but ſlighted once, nothing exceeds the malice of a Woman.

We Love beyond belief, but if men prove
Once falſe, our hatred far exceeds our Love.

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. So, with much ado they are ſeparated; had I let them alone this month together, the laſt Tune would have been Loath to depart: The truth of 't is, I ſhould be of the ſame mind, were the Caſe my own, as now 'tis theirs.

Love knows no Bounds, and moves no common Way,
An Age with Lovers ſeems but a ſhort day. [*Exit.*

Enter Flavia.

Flavia. When every bodies turn is ſerv'd, it may be I may be remembred, for 'twould be hard to lye alone all my life-time; but afterwards to lead Apes, is a thing I abhor the thoughts of. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Lovejoy, *and Sir* Peter *following her.*

L. Lovejoy. Urge me no more, you know I am in my Nature reconcilable, and therefore you uſe me as you do.

Sir Peter. Thou art as Waſpiſh this Morning, as the Barber that kill'd his Horſe, becauſe he would not ſtand to be trim'd.

Lady *Lovejoy.* You are as void of Senſe as the Woman, that becauſe her Gallant turn'd her off, diſcover'd the Intriegue to her Husband, and made a *Weſtminſter* buſineſs of it.

Sir *Peter.* I think *Edmonton* Air hath made thee ſharp-witted; you are ſo quick at Repartee, there's no ſpeaking to you.

L. *Lovejoy.* There is no Air will alter you from what you are: A dull Drone, that cannot make a Warrant without the Statute-Book, nor a *Mittimus* without the help of your Clark, forſooth.

S. *Peter.* Prithee be not ſo angry, we have all our failings; thou know'ſt we muſt bear with ſmall faults.

Enter Lettice.

L. *Lovejoy.* Here's another that creates me trouble hourly, but I'le quit my hands of her: *Lettice*, I would have you provide your ſelf of a place, for I find you are not for my turn, therefore pray pack up, and be moving: There's what is due to you.

[*gives her mony.*

Lettice. Short warning, I would gladly know the Cauſe.

L. *Lovejoy.* 'Tis enough I will have it ſo.

S. *Peter.* She hath been a good Servant to thee; don't turn her away for a ſmall fault.

L. *Lovejoy.* You may do what you pleaſe with your Men, pray let me alone with my Maids.

Lettice. Your Servant Madam, I can diſpoſe of my ſelf without giving you a further trouble.

L. *Lovejoy.* Stay, and take that along with you: (*gives her mony.* I earn'd that laſt Night for you; you had had it then, 'twas deſigned for you, but being gone to Bed you miſt of it; and I ſhould be as unjuſt as you, ſhould I defraud you.

S. *Peter.* Sits the Wind in that Door? then 'tis time for me to be moving, for fear of an after-Reckoning; in a little time her heat will be over. [*Exit Sir* Peter.

L. *Lovejoy.* You ſee by this, and find by dayly experience, that your ſly pretending Coxcomb, who one would think, had neither Life nor Soul in him, will be as ſweet on a Whore in a Corner, as the daring Hector, who makes it his buſineſs to Debauch himſelf and others; yet I am ſtill of the Opinion, your half-witted Men make the beſt Husbands, becauſe they are fitteſt to be impoſed upon, and may be wrought into what Form we beſt like of.

We Marry that our Loves may ſetled be,
Yet nothing pleaſes like Variety.

Enter Julia, Flavia *and* Lettice.

Lettice. Ladies, You ſee at laſt I am deſerted by my Lady, who have made it my whole employment to ſerve youto the utmoſt of my power, but am now out of a Capacity to ſerve you further.

Julia. There can be nothing laid to thy Charge by us; we muſt own thou haſt been diligent in thy Office: But you muſt finiſh the work you have begun, or we are in a worſe Conditioq than ever.

Flavia. If ſhe leaves us now in this perplexing doubt, 'tis Inhumanity beyond Example.

Lettice. Ladies I would not have you deſpair, but be aſſiſting in contriving your own good Fortune; there ſhall be nothing wanting in me to forward it, if it be in my power.

Julia. Set us but in the way; then, if we follow not thy Directions the fault lies at our Door, not yours.

Flavia. Do but tell us what we ſhall do to attain what you have ſo *ſucceſsfully* hitherto carried on, and leave us to perform it.

Lettice. If I muſt ſtill be concern'd in your Affair I'le try my Skill; I think this Plot may take: 'Tis Madam *Julia* that they all adore, but can but one poſſeſs her; therefore to carry on our Deſign ſhe muſt promiſe them all fair to draw them into the ſnare of Matrimony, upon this condition, that they ſhall be content to be married after the Maſquerading way, in a Diſguiſe; for by that means we may all be provided for to our wiſh; for Mr. *Sparkiſh* deſires this day to court her for his Wife; the other two you know have long been Suitors: This will be no great Task to undergo; and this performed we gain what we deſire.

Julia. True *Lettice*, ſtill thy Plots are laid above the reach of Fate to fruſtrate or prevent.

Lettice. Now I'le leave you and poſſeſs *Modiſh* with our Stratagem, and leave the reſt to you. [*Exit.*

Julia. Now Siſter what remains, but that we carry on this Plot with Secrecy *ſo* happily begun?

Flavia. It muſt of force be proſperous; you ſhall have *Modiſh*; let *Sparkiſh* be my Prize, and leave the old diſſembling Letcher *Serious* for *Lettice* to convert.

Julia. Agreed, and all are ſatisfied.

Where differing Humours meet there's always Strife;
But all Contentment in a married Life. [*Exeunt Amb*

Enter Sparkiſh and Julia.

Sparkiſh. As I have uſed your Brothers Houſe, I ſtill obſerved that Sweetneſs in your *Carriage* and ſuch tranſcendent Beauty in your Face as cannot be reſiſted; what I have ſaid of you, is not ſtrange but common, being the Talk and wiſh of all Beholders.

Julia. In Rallery and Jeſt, not Earneſt ſure.

Sparkiſh. Such Divine Forms as yours, are rather to be worſhip'd and ador'd than made our Mirth and Paſtime.

Julia. Now you betray the worſt of Natures, Flattery, and think I take what you ſpeak in Rallery, for real Truth.

Sparkiſh. You wrong me much, my Heart and Tongue agree: I heard by chance that *Modiſh* long had wooed you, which brought me now to know if my ſmall ſervice and the Love I owe you may be accepted with you.

Julia. Would you be ſo unkind to wrong your Friend and prove his Rival in the Choice he hath made?

Sparkiſh. Would I not? What is't I would not do to gain your Favour? Make me a promiſe that I ſhall enjoy you, impoſe what 'ere you will I'le undergo it with as much Willingneſs as I would eat or drink to ſtrengthen and ſupport decaying Nature.

Julia. In that Sir I'le never promiſe any man, but am reſolved who 'ere I marry it ſhall be in a Diſguiſe; and that you may know I have no Averſion for your Perſon I'le make you of my Council: To Morrow I deſign to alter my Condition, if you dare venture to take your Lot or Chance; I am tí'd to make no further Diſcovery, you may. I will provide a Non-con ſhall joyn us, for there will be two more of the ſame Humour to marry in Diſguiſes: Now if you dare to venture, ſo; if not, farewel. [*Exit.*

Sparkiſh. Come what may come I'le venture, for I am acquainted with her Siſter and *Lettice* too, by which means I may inform my ſelf as to her Garb and Dreſs that I miſtake not this great Concern and hug a Cloud for *Juno.*

Enter Lettice.

Sparkiſh. I was juſt coming to find you out about a matter that concerns me much, my Happineſs depends upon it.

Lettice. If I can ſerve you you know you may command me to my power.

Sparkiſh. Know then to Morrow is the time appointed: I am to take my Choice unſight unſeen, as the ſaying is: Now if by any means you can inform me which of the three is *Julia,* for ſo many there is to be provided for, you'll eternally oblige me.

Lettice. It happens ſo that I am of the Council, and therefore can inform you; but am obliged to Secrecy, and 'tis not generous to betray my Truſt, nor can I.

Sparkiſh. Here's Gold for thy Reward; give me ſome private Mark to know her by is all I ask.

Lettice. If I may counſel you, take the middle-moſt as they ſtand together; you need no more direction.

Sparkiſh. A word's enough to the wiſe: What Luck had I to think of this kind Creature to direct me! [*Exit.*

Lettice. Now will he be couzen'd as the Dog who thought he had been going to Breakfaſt, and was going to be hang'd. But 'tis no matter, what ſhe deſign'd for him will be good enough and too good without he were better.

Who knows, when married, but his roving Mind
May keep one center and to one prove kind. [*Exit.*

Enter Friendly *and* Serious.

Friendly. 'Tis pretty Fooliſh this, to be married *Incognito,* as they call't; but were I concern'd they ſhould look the Bridegroom where they could find him for me; this is like buying a Pig in a Poke, as the old ſaying is. Well I would have you as my Friend to look before you leap; they will put ſome Trick upon you, you had beſt take heed.

Serious. No, no, I am ſafe enough for that; I have a private Mark to know her by; beſides I have undergon ſo much to gain her Favour as might fill a ſmall Romance; and do you think ſhe will after all deceive me? You wrong her much to ſtart this Queſtion Sir, and me in harbouring ſuch hard Thoughts of her, and were you not my Friend, I ſhould as old as I am, demand ſatisfaction of you for the Affront offer'd.

Friendly. I only put the Worſt, the Beſt will help it *ſelf*; and if for this you are angry you may turn the Buckel of your Girdle behind you, for any thing I care.

Enter Sir Peter Lovejoy.

S. *Peter.* What angry one with another? Let's know the Cauſe; I'le make you Friends again or it ſhall coſt me all the Mony in my Pocket.

Friendly. The matter is not worth the ſpeaking of, Mr. *Serious* can inform you if he pleaſes the Reaſon of our Difference.

Mr. *Serious.* I'le as ſoon be hang'd, cant a Man ſpeak a haſty Word but it muſt preſently be brought upon the *Stage*? I have no Quarrel with any man living that I know of, ſo be ſatisfied.

S. *Peter.* I am very well ſatisfied there is no difference between you; for my part you are both my Friends and therefore was concern'd.

Friendly. 'Twas kindly offer'd. Where do you dine to day, At home or abroad?

S. *Peter.* At *Lum's*, where *Modiſh* gives a Veniſon Paſty, where I am ſure your Company will be as acceptable as any that's there.

Friendly. I gueſs no leſs and ſhall be glad to wait on you. What ſay you Mr. *Serious*?

Serious. I think to meet you there, but have ſome Buſineſs of importance muſt be diſpatch'd firſt, then I am for you Gentlemen.

S. *Peter.* Well, we'll expect you ſir. Come Uncle we'll in and drink our Mornings-draught, and then ſet forwards. [*Ex. omnes.*

Enter Julia, Flavia *and* Lettice *diſguis'd on one ſide.*
Modiſh, Sparkiſh *and* Serious *on the other ſide.*

Modiſh. This World's a Lottery; where ſtill the leaſt deſerving are moſt proſperous, and the beſt natur'd, meet the moſt Misfortunes. Beſides, we are impoſed upon, for to one Prize you will find a thouſand Blanks; yet like frank Gameſters ſtill we will be puſhing and urge Ill Fortune to our overthrow, ſtill in purſuit of that which muſt torments us, and part with all our Faculties at once to follow what another ſhall think equal.

Sparkiſh. By the World thou art in the right, for in this caſe there can but one poſſeſs the Lovely *Julia*, the other two muſt take what's left; you are contented I firſt make my Choice.

Serious, *Modiſh.* We are.

Sparkiſh. Then here I fix, and laugh to ſee you Two deceived and cheated, while I poſſeſs the beauteous *Julia*, in whoſe Arms I'le ſport my ſelf and dare Ill Fortune to diſturb my Peace.

Serious. I ſmile to ſee how confident the Fool is, but I am on ſure ground, and here I make my Choice, and think my ſelf as happy as Conquering Soldiers laden with their Spoils, or Ship-wreck't Men juſt landed.

Modiſh. Then what remains, but that I take this Lady, and fancy her to be the Heavenly *Julia*? Now to the Prieſt, who ſtays in the Dining-Room, where joyned, we then ſhall know our certain Dooms, who we are tied to lead our Lives withall. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Peter Lovejoy, *Lady* Lovejoy *and* Friendly.

S. *Peter.* A Maſquerading ſay you? I thought that had been out of Faſhion.

Friendly. In ſhort Sir, they are both gone to be married, and *Lettice* with them; ſhe's to have a Husband too among them.

L. *Lovejoy.* Sir *Peter*, you have manag'd your matter finely, to let them be diſpoſed of unknown to you.

S. *Peter.* Tricks of youth, tricks of youth: Girls will have their Frolicks.

Enter Serious *leading* Lettice,
Sparkiſh *leading* Flavia,
Modiſh *leading in* Julia.

Serious. I beg your pardon *Sir Peter*, for marrying your Siſter without your Conſent.

Sir Peter. What Siſter?

Serious. Julia. Lettice *pulls off her Mask.*

Lettice. *Lettice* if you pleaſe, Sir ſo I think they call me.

Serious. What, Cheated! Put upon!

Sparkiſh. Then I muſt beg your excuſe, for making bold without your leave, with your Beauteous Siſter Madam *Julia*.

Sir Peter. Hey day, how many *Julia's* ſhall we have? ſure they drop out of the Clouds there is ſo many of them.

Flavia. Prepare you to ſee a Face, though not ſo Beauteous, yet as true as *Julia's.* (*puls off her Mask.*)

Sparkiſh. Tricks as I live! By the World, as *Modiſh* ſays, I think the World is a Lottery; but we are got among *Prizes*, I ſee no Blanks.

Modiſh. Then ſure the faithful *Julia* is my Wife; for yet ſhe is conceal'd: Come puſh aſide this Cloud, and ſhew thy Beauty.

Julia. Then be it as you wiſh, you have your *Julia*, and I the Man I love above the World.

Modiſh. Come Gentlemen, let differences be baniſhed from all Faces, and only Joy appear; You know the old Proverb is, Marriage and Hanging goes by deſtiny. Come, the Veniſon Paſty is ready by this time; Let's Laugh it out, and make a merry day on't.

Sir Peter. [illegible] good Company how you like your Mornings Work, and then we are for you.

Sparkiſh. Agreed: Come Mr. *Serious*, you were married firſt, and are the moſt likelieſt to find fault, therefore pray lead the way.

Serious *advancing with* Lettice.

By this you may perceive as Age goes on,
How we poor Animals are put upon:
Of a bad Chance, 'tis well it proves no worſe,
I doubt not but ſhe will make a careful Nurſe.

Sparkiſh *advanceth with* Flavia,
Tho Cheat'd by Madam Julia, yet I find
Great ſatisfaction in my roving Mind;
This *Flavia* proves as Chaſte as Babes new born,
And ſweet as Roſe-buds in a Summers Morn.

Modiſh *advances with* Julia,
My Joy's too great in words to be expreſt.
In faithful Julia I am double bleſt:
Fortune hath made amends for all her ſpight;
Thus after Darkneſs we rejoyce at Light.

ir Peter *advanceth with* Lady *Lovejoy*,
Since all ſeem ſatisfied, why ſhould not we
With Mirth and Joy conclude this Comedy;
Forget what's paſt, and let this happy Night
Conclude all Quarrel, and ſet all things Right.

riendly *to the Company*,
Could we but hope that you were pleas'd, we then
Should reſt ſatisfied, like happy Men;
Who what this World affords, they do poſſeſs;
But your diſlike is our unhappineſs.

THE

EPILOGUE.

[illegible]

CUSTOM [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Be pardon'd by the Learned in the Law, [illegible]
If he before Judgment [illegible] *into the Court* [illegible]
And afterwards [illegible]
In vain [illegible]
To begg [illegible]
At last they are [illegible]
Such is the Custom [illegible]
Then only [illegible]
Guard [illegible]
Wit [illegible]
As [illegible] *Gods* [illegible]
Professing [illegible]
Because the C[illegible]
You are [illegible]
Nothing but [illegible]
He that [illegible] *you beg.*
Sometimes your [illegible] *towards* [illegible]
But these [illegible] *and* [illegible]
The [illegible] *of your Mind*
[illegible] *their Wants, the Play*
[illegible] *it* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

We [illegible] *your* [illegible] *we* [illegible] *our* [illegible]
If [illegible]
[illegible] *Wit* [illegible]
But [illegible] *where Men* [illegible] *and* [illegible]
At [illegible] *Love for Love.*
There [illegible] *Strife we'll* [illegible] *Day*
In Love and [illegible] *and* [illegible]
'Tis [illegible] *and therefore* [illegible]
[illegible] *the Play* [illegible]